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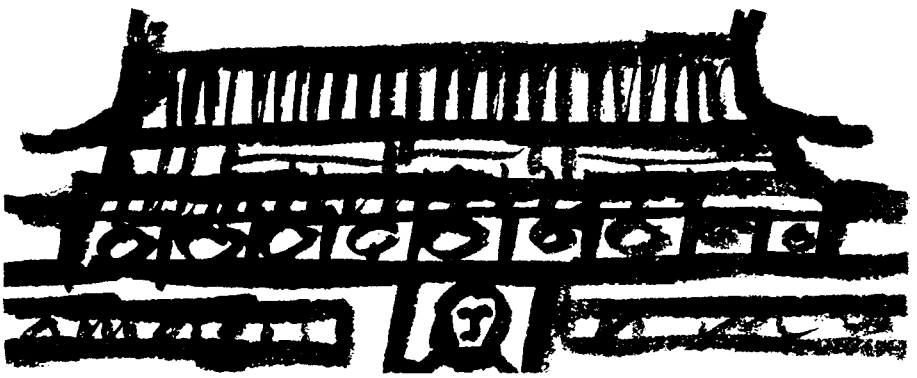

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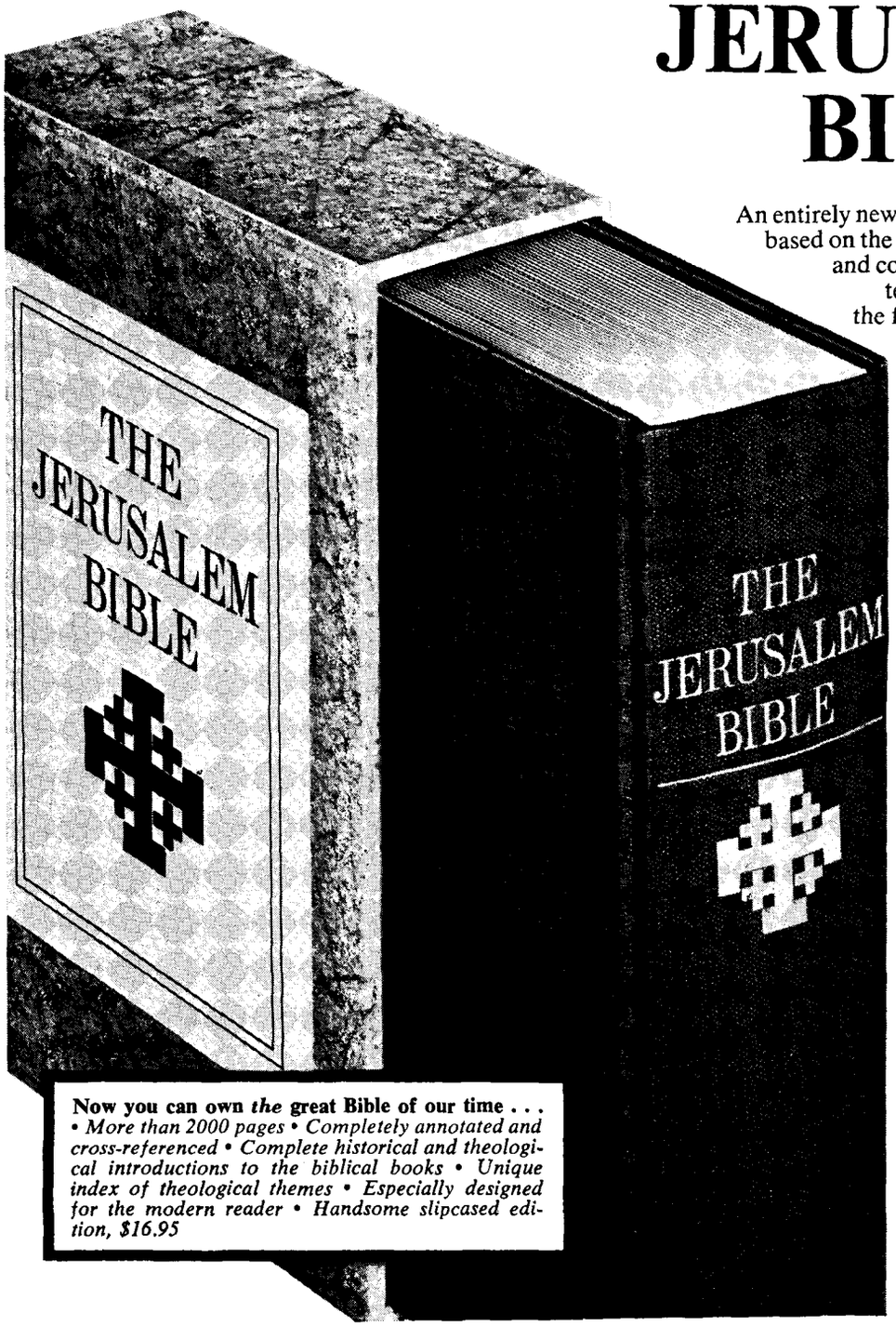

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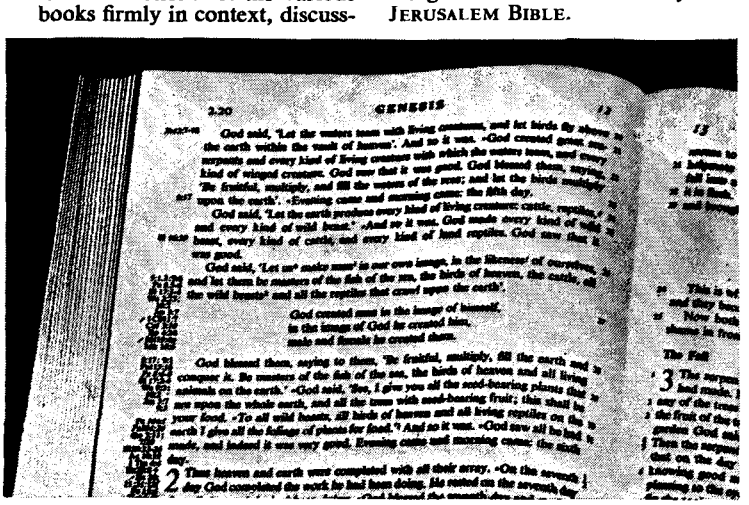

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Would you buy an unused car from these men:

When hikes in the 1967 auto prices were announced by the Big Three ($107 average for Ford, $92 for Chrysler and $53 for General Motors) *Time* magazine reported: "The fact that automakers would up prices on their 1967 models has long been accepted by insiders. . . . The U.S. automen insisted that the increases *did not make up for higher labor and other costs* but mostly covered new safety features." A few days later Ford and Chrysler reduced their new prices (to $66 and $68 per car, on the average) to stay competitive with G.M., whereupon Newsweek reported: "Ford and Chrysler will lose *as much as $140 million in profits* that would have flowed in if the original price boosts had stayed."

(Italics ours, but we're through with them.)

•

Seymour Lipset writes in *Encounter:*

"There have been four national surveys of campus opinion, two in 1965 by Louis Harris and *Playboy,* and two in 1966 by Samuel Lubell and Gallup. All of these indicate that a large majority of American students support the war in Vietnam. Harris indicated close to three-quarters were in favor in February, 1965; *Playboy* found that in November, 59 percent of the students were for pushing the war into North Vietnam, while only 8 percent were for pulling out; in April, 1966, Samuel Lubell reported that two-thirds of campus opinion backed the President's policies in Vietnam; while in June of this year, Gallup indicated that 47 percent of college youth endorsed the way 'Johnson is handling the situation in Vietnam,' while of the remaining group, 23 percent disapproved because they thought the U.S. should be more aggressive, and another 16 percent criticized the President for being 'indecisive' or 'inconsistent.' Faculty opinion, according to a *Playboy* poll, is also behind the war, although by a smaller majority than the students. Most surprising, in view of all the publicity given to the emergence of a student and youth-based new left, is the fact that the opinion polls suggest that students are much more favorable to the war than is the general public, and that the youngest generation of voters (21-29) have consistently given greater support to President Johnson's Vietnam policies than do older ones."

•

Professor Thomas Molnar of Brooklyn College, an editor of the new conservative Catholic magazine *Triumph,* writes in his new book of national achievements "that words cannot express: a moral vigor, an undivided loyalty to a cause which may appear annoying to the superficial observer, but which reveals the fibers of which great nations and great enterprises are woven." Only three Western nations, he says, currently possess this moral vigor: America, Portugal and South Africa.

(The annoyed superficial observers, presumably, are Vietnamese, Angolan and Bantu.)

•

Jaroslav Pelikan, reviewing in *Saturday Review* a new edition of Henry Charles Lea's *History of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church,* first published in 1867:

"Studies by both historians and sociologists have shown, for example, that it is an oversimplification to claim, as Lea does, that celibacy produces 'a sacerdotal caste, divested of the natural ties of family and of the world,' and that it separates clergy from laity. The historical researches of Karl Holl (1866-1926) described the role of the monks in the history of the early Byzantine church, where, as in Eastern Orthodoxy generally, the parish clergy could be married (if they had married before ordination) but the bishops and, of course, the monks could not be. Lay people often preferred to go to the monks for confession rather than to their own parish priests. . . .

"Similarily, the efforts of various Protestant churches to revive the practice of private confession have foundered on an entire complex of problems, especially on the nonsacerdotal definition of the ministry, but also on the reluctance of lay people to come to a married confessor: Sociological investigations of public opinion in the Church, which are enjoying something of a vogue in contemporary Roman Catholicism, suggest that people are aware both of the serious problems created by celibacy and of its positive importance in the sacramental and administrative life of the Church; but they do not seem to indicate that the unmarried priest has greater difficulty ministering to human needs than does the married minister.

"Living as he did in an age that had its own secularized asceticism, Lea protested against the legalism of an artificially enforced discipline. Living as they do in an age that sometimes seems to equate personal fulfilment with total self-expression, students of moral theology today may see positive values in celibacy which he did not see; but they will also see the exalted place of sex and marriage in the plan of God.

"After all, it is marriage, not celibacy, that is a sacrament. . . . (The Vatican Council) reaffirmed the principle that the celibacy of the clergy 'is not, indeed, demanded by the very nature of the priesthood, as is evident from the practice of the primitive Church and from the tradition of the Eastern Churches.' Will Roman Catholicism prove that it means what it says, by heeding the lessons of its history?"

•

For journals of opinion, this has been a so-so year. Circulation statistics, filed with the government every September and then published, indicate that most are down slightly. The *New Republic* is down several thousand to 119,934 (net paid). The *Nation* is up 2,600 to 30,610. *America* had a net loss of 600 subscribers; National Review is down 700. The *New Leader* shows a startling drop from 25,702 to 11,489, but the magazine responded to an inquiry by saying that it reflects a new accounting procedure and a reorganization of files. *Commonweal* is down 1,300 from last year's 44,078.

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Black Power"

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: Concerning "Black Power" (Editorial, Sept. 30): it has been a little over one hundred years since the Negro was legally freed from slavery and it has been about six years since he has felt, fully at times, like a true citizen of this country. There has not been time for the Negro to take full charge of his civil rights struggle, until now. Now the Negro wants to plan his own strategy and set up his own time-table. Too often in the past the Negro depended on the white liberal for money, advice, and sometimes permission to carry out this advice. Slavery did an effective job of dividing the Negro and undermining his faith and trust in his fellow slave. White benevolence bred dependency.

The Young Turks in the civil rights movement have adopted a phrase "Black Power" which is a protest and rejection of the past and its methods (of obtaining equal rights) and if need be those who still hold to these methods. These young people have decided that the Negro must "make it" by himself if he is to gain the respect of the white community and his dark brothers around the world. He realizes he will make mistakes and alienate people because this is the price that must be paid to guarantee that the struggle becomes an all-Negro movement. The price that must and will be paid for the success of this movement can not be measured now.

Today as never before there is a substantial and growing Negro professional and white collar class with the education and money to seek and buy what they want. "Black Power" is serving as a unifying force pulling the often divided Negro people together for once in their history to use their influence and power to get their full rights.

The Negro middle class is no longer willing to sit back and say "Oh that doesn't apply to me because I'm qualified." Malcolm X has stated the problem very well when he said: "What do they (white

(Continued on page 150)

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THE 89TH IN PERSPECTIVE

A distinguished political thinker once wrote a book which he hoped would contribute to the revival of the power of negative thinking. The phrase is well-taken. We often judge a phenomenon more accurately by what it lacks than by what it contains. One may be impressed with the participation of our Asian allies in the Manila conference. Or one may be even more impressed with the *non-participation*: India, whose population and importance for the future of democracy dwarf the claims of all the Asian participants together, is not there. Nor is Indonesia, with a population fourth-largest in the world and vast untapped material resources. Nor is Japan, Asia's most dynamic industrial power. Nor are Pakistan, Cambodia, and Burma, all nations bordering on China, yet pursuing their own strategies for national survival. Change the perspective, and a very different picture emerges.

The same thing can be said for the 89th Congress. Measured against the Eisenhower doldrums or the Kennedy stalemate, the 89th looks outstanding, almost up to the inevitable Johnson overstatement, "the best Congress in the history of this nation." But measured against the needs of the day, the Congressional achievements are far from overwhelming. Take cities, for example. Congress approved a Cabinet-level Department of Housing and Urban Development and the Administration's "demonstration cities" bill. It authorized rent supplements (by a paper-thin one-vote majority in the Senate, eight votes in the House). Yet the "demonstration cities" program is so miniscule when compared to current needs and, for political reasons, spread over so many cities that one wonders whether the resulting "demonstrations" will even be visible in the midst of urban chaos. As for the racial issue to which everything urban is hinged, federal open occupancy legislation went down the drain with the proposed Civil Rights Act of 1966.

Or consider the nation's transportation problems. The 89th created a Department of Transportation. It set requirements for safer autos and tires. But it gave no particular sign of interest in the vast, comprehensive planning which the U.S. needs if it is to escape from freeway paralysis.

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Foreign affairs is another area of mixed results, with the mixture even less happy. Set against the unanimity expressed during war efforts in the past, the Congressional debate on Vietnam had its remarkable aspect. Yet the escalation continued; an attempt to repeal the Gulf of Tonkin resolution garnered but 5 votes in the Senate; Senator McCarthy's attempt to place the C.I.A. under closer scrutiny was sidetracked; and Congress set a new U. S. record for national stinginess in its foreign aid bill.

The Congressional accomplishment in the area of civil rights was even more ambiguous. Here the contrast was between the first session, which saw the historic voting rights act for Negroes, and the second session, which saw the failure of a bill providing for open housing, protection for civil rights workers, and no discrimination in juror selection. The 89th ended with a bit of backlashery: provisions hobbling school desegregation efforts in the South and a "riot rider" attached to the authorization of poverty funds.

Medicare and extensive aid to all levels of education are among the 89th's most clear-cut achievements. So is the new minimum-wage bill of $1.60 per hour (broadened in its coverage to include, among others, 400,000 farm workers). But minimum-wage still does not touch the unemployed, and imaginative proposals to provide great numbers of "human-care" jobs were ignored.

More than any other single thing, the War on Poverty symbolizes the problem of the 89th Congress: it may have moved, but not fast enough. The War on Poverty began with a bang. Expectations were raised. More communities were constantly attempting to get into the program. Local efforts began with planning stages, intending to expand to greater things. By holding poverty funds more or less even, Congress has in fact cut back the program drastically. The momentum is being lost. What is a bang one year may only be a whimper the next.

The political lesson is simple. It was stated quite clearly, not by a Congressman but a monarch—the Red Queen: "It takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that!"

CHURCH OF SILENCE

In analyzing the Berrigan case, a public relations consultant claimed that the Jesuits could have easily avoided a public furor, while still sending Father Berrigan out of the country temporarily. The Jesuits might have said, for instance, that they disagreed with Father Berrigan's anti-war activites, and that while they respected his freedom, as his superiors they felt a cooling-off period should take place because of divisiveness growing out of the self-immolation of Roger LaPorte. If they had done so, the dispute that followed would have taken on quite a different character.

We are not suggesting that abuses of freedom be papered over by better PR work, but that many a *cause célebrè* derives as much from the secretiveness of church authorities as from the substantial issue itself. Many Catholics fear that the openness of the Council is having little or no impact on chancery operations; often an "ethic of silence" is detectable. When the Apostolic Delegate passed on to the American bishops a secret and restrictive memo on the liturgy (which the press discovered and was unable to trace back to Rome), many bishops and editorial writers were more incensed that the story reached print ("opening other people's private mail") than that an important decision—contrary to the wishes of the Council—should be casually announced, without consultation, and without any clear authority from anyone. Similarly, after the press broke the story of Archbishop Alter's sad mishandling of the Glenmary case, his chancery was more concerned about protesting the break in secrecy than in discussing or explaining the merits of the case. (In this instance, as in many others, the chancery refused comment before publication and later protested that some of the specifics of the story were wrong. *Some* facts will always be wrong as long as chanceries are determined to keep as many details as possible from the community it is supposed to be serving.)

A year ago, a TV series on birth control was cancelled. Since the bishops were ultimately the sponsors of the program, they were clearly within their rights in refusing to sponsor it. But it was killed 48 hours before broadcast time, with no explanation as to why the program was objectionable and not even an indication as to who had done the cancelling. Is the Church a community or isn't it? And if it is, why are authorities so reluctant to consult the community, or even to explain what has been done in its name?

At many a chancery, the fear of public and press is deeply ingrained. (We know one Bureau of Information director for a large archdiocese who would not even answer an inquiry from a city reporter on the Lenten fast and abstinence because "you'll only distort it." In another archdiocese, the bishop regularly calls up the metropolitan dailies to kill stories he does not like.) Even pragmatically, this attitude will become increasingly perilous as Catholics and the communications media become more interested in affairs of the Church. Yet changes are slow in coming. The first attempts at post-conciliar reorganization of the bishop's conference and the National Catholic Welfare Conference—which are of crucial importance to the future of the American Church—were conducted in total secrecy. An equally significant occasion is now coming up: in mid-November the bishops will meet in Washington for their annual conference, and a number of highly significant decisions could result. There have been a number of appeals for an open meeting, or at least regular briefings for the press. Catholic journalists are circulating a petition for open-

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ness on the part of the bishops. At this writing there is no indication that the bishops will take the cue. It is a prime opportunity to erase the distasteful and unproductive tradition of secrecy, and it should be taken.

UNBINDING THE PRIEST

As the aftermath of the Council has made painfully clear, it is far more difficult to establish good structures than good theologies. For all the talk about the need for free, imaginative and responsible priests there still exist no easy or effective ways this can be brought about. By and large, the American priest finds it difficult to communicate directly with his bishop, has no guarantee that his grievances will receive a fair hearing, has little to say about his assignments, and, in general, has practically nothing in the way of rights and prerogatives. Not only the priests themselves, but the laity as well suffer from these shortcomings.

Three very different kinds of movements are under way to correct this situation. The most publicized is Father DuBay's recently organized "Federation of American Priests." It is, as he promised some time ago, directly patterned on labor unions and its aim, once it is large enough, is to engage in "formal collective bargaining with chanceries." Another development is the formation in a number of dioceses of a formal "senate of priests," constituted under direct episcopal auspices. The aim of these senates will be to advise the bishop and to deal with various matters of diocesan concern. A third development is the unofficial "Association of Chicago Priests," which though restricted to the priests of the Chicago Archdiocese has important national implications. Its purpose will be to act as something akin to an informal "professional association" which will work, in particular, to foster cooperation, communication and dialogue among priests and between priests and bishop.

It is very tempting to make an a priori choice among these developments; each has its potential strengths and weaknesses. Father DuBay's union has behind it the powerful drive of a priest who knows intimately how unjustly and uncharitably a bishop can act toward priests under him. It also points up the need for a well-organized group of priests who can, by their collective weight, bring real, inescapable pressure to bear. Unfortunately, Father DuBay's union, even if it could succeed (which seems most doubtful), would probably only exacerbate the lack of community and dialogue between priests and bishops.

The potential strength of an official "senate of priests" in a diocese is that it could establish a formal framework for discussion, recommendations and dialogue. Thus there might be avoided the kind of brutal power plays inherently probable in a union-management conception and structure. On the other hand, a formal senate runs the danger of being pacified and neutralized from the outset, victimized perhaps by the very necessity of episcopal approval for everything it does in getting under way. The advantage of the Chicago experiment, by contrast, is precisely the fact that it is being organized exclusively by priests. Its potential disadvantage is that its wholly unofficial status could lead the bishop to feel under no compulsion whatsoever to take its recommendations seriously.

However tempting it may be though to make an initial choice, we won't. For one thing, this seems to us eminently an occasion for priests to work out their own problems among themselves. This is something they have been denied in the past. Hence, on more than one occasion it has been necessary for laymen to speak in their behalf, to say that which they could not say themselves or could say only at a considerable risk. That was (and, so far, still is) a shameful situation, and should quickly be brought to an end. For another thing, however, there is just no telling which development will in fact prove most effective. This is a time to try everything; the more experiments and the more varied the experiments the better. It is time for testing, not a priori judgments.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE SENATE RACES

The Senate campaigns around the country suggest that the issues everyone talks about—Vietnam, white backlash, inflation—do not matter much and that what really ought to be decisive is the candidate's character.

The Senate is now divided, 67 Democrats to 33 Republicans. This balance is not likely to shift either way by more than three or four seats. As a practical matter, the extent of the shift is going to be determined in the Rocky Mountain states which are thinly-populated and where the incumbents and their rivals are not nationally known. In Idaho and Wyoming, Republican-held seats are being closely contested by Democrats. In Colorado, an attractive younger Democrat, Roy Romer, has an outside chance of unseating another Republican incumbent, Senator Gordon Allott. In Montana, Democratic Senator Lee Metcalf is in an extremely close contest with Republican Governor Tim Babcock.

But attention focuses on the campaigns in the large industrial states such as Illinois and Michigan or in smaller states such as Massachusetts and Oregon where special

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circumstances provide a touch of drama. In Illinois, Senator Paul H. Douglas is running for reelection against Charles Percy, the wealthy young businessman who used to be head of the Bell and Howell camera firm. In Michigan, former Governor G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams is running against former Representative Robert P. Griffin who was appointed to the Senate last spring after the death of the incumbent, Democratic Senator Pat McNamara.

Massachusetts offers excitement because Republican Edward Brooke, if elected, would be the first Negro senator since Reconstruction and the first ever from the North. In Oregon, the contest between Governor Mark Hatfield, Republican, and Congressman Robert Duncan, Democrat, at first seemed significant because Hatfield took a mildly dove-like position on the Vietnam War, and Duncan strongly supported the Johnson Administration. But Hatfield, worried by bad news from his polltakers, has blurred his opinions of late with such skill that it will be impossible to interpret the Oregon election as a referendum on the war.

These four contests have symbolic importance because politicians and the press will make use of the results in planning and speculating about future presidential politics. Percy and Hatfield are both potential dark-horse candidates for the Republican nomination. If Griffin fends off Soapy Williams, this will be interpreted as a boost for Governor George Romney's presidential prospects. He appointed Griffin to the Senate and the size of his own plurality may determine whether he can carry Griffin to victory. And a Negro Republican senator from Massachusetts would strengthen those liberal Republicans who want their party to veer away from Goldwaterism and seek more moderate positions.

It could well be argued that all these interpretations and speculations are chimerical. Percy and Hatfield are so far away from being nominated for President, not to mention being elected, that the question is not immediately relevant. The Republicans are probably going to wind up nominating Romney for President in 1968, regardless of whether he pulls Griffin to victory or not, simply because they may have no other presentable candidate. As for Mr. Brooke, although he is a Negro, he is in no sense a crusader for other Negroes or a potential national leader of his party; his Democratic opponent, ex-Governor Endicott Peabody, would be more likely to be an activist on civil rights issues in the Senate than Brooke.

Fake Issues?

But if the political significance being read into these contests seems rather exaggerated, it is wholly sensible compared to the "issues" which are being faked up for campaign purposes and which excite the concern of some voters. In Illinois, for example, the recognition of Communist China has become a campaign topic. Senator Douglas has always taken a "hard" position on this subject, contending that mainland China should not receive American diplomatic recognition or admission to the United Nations until it offers tangible evidence that it would not pursue aggressive policies toward its Asian neighbors. Percy at first seemed to move to the left of Douglas on this issue, telling a student audience that he was "sorry" that China is not in the U.N. This opinion alarmed his more conservative advisers who feared that Percy would lose more votes among hardshell Republicans than he would gain among liberals. Percy backpedaled and explained that he was sorry mainland China is not willing to abide by the conditions of the U.N. Charter and seek admission—which is virtually indistinguishable from Senator Douglas's attitude. But the deeper truth is that even if Illinois voters could discern a difference in the views of the two men and made a discriminating choice at the polls on that basis, the outcome in Illinois would not materially affect United States policy toward China.

In a sense, Vietnam is another unreal issue. It is obviously important and worth discussion by all the candidates, but it is virtually impossible to define an issue on which two candidates can neatly divide. Inevitably, candidates tend to converge in the broad middle range of opinion. Everyone would like to have peace and everyone would like to have the Communists come to the negotiating table. But no one—at least no one running for major office in this election with a chance of winning—wants the U.S. to withdraw unilaterally. An end to bombing in the North and a freeze on American involvement at the present military level are a conceivable position, but it is not a position that points to any clear way out of the existing stalemate. No one really knows whether it would induce the Communists to negotiate or be misinterpreted by them as a signal of American weariness and future withdrawal. In any event, the victory or defeat of any particular senatorial candidate is not going to influence Vietnam policy decisively. Since President Johnson has not been responsive to pressure from two powerful "doves"—Senator Mike Mansfield, the majority leader, and Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, is there reason to suppose that Percy or Hatfield as freshman Republicans would carry any weight?

There are campaign years in which legitimate issues do exist—and in some states this year there are fairly sharp choices between liberals and conservatives on domestic issues—but in the so-called big races such as Percy vs. Douglas or Hatfield vs. Duncan, the choice is between men, not philosophies. There is nothing wrong with this kind of choice, for as Edmund Burke pointed out nearly two centuries ago, when people choose a political representative, they are relying not upon his opinions but upon his judgment and character.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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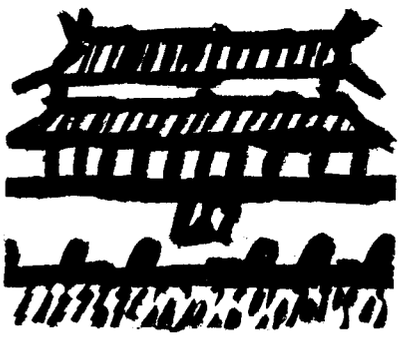
THE OTHER CHINA

A report on Taiwan

MICHAEL D. ZEIK



On my last evening in Taiwan, I was taken out and royally dined by a wealthy Chinese industrialist, a "mainlander" who had escaped from the Communists in 1949. After the fashion of men in his position, he brought with him two beautiful Taiwanese girls, one for himself, the other for me. In the course of the evening, he joshed his girl friend good-humoredly, and offered to marry her if she would learn Mandarin, the "national" dialect spoken by the governing classes and the intellectuals over from the mainland. Rich as he was, and desirable as such a marriage might have seemed to her in many respects, the girl flared up and asserted that she would never speak the Mandarin dialect, and would never marry "a mainland Chinese." The whole incident is wonderfully rich in political symbolism, but to understand it fully requires a little more familiarity with the Republic of China than most Americans enjoy.

Except for some aborigines living in the hills (racially akin to the Dyaks of Borneo), all the inhabitants of Taiwan are Chinese. The vast majority, however, are descendants of settlers who came over long ago—even as far back as the late 15th Century, during the Ming dynasty. These people now consider themselves "Taiwanese." Most of them speak the Amoy dialect found in Fukien and Kwantung provinces.

After the Communist take-over of the mainland in 1949, a new wave of immigrants appeared: close to a million civilians associated with the Nationalist cause, and the remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's army, numbering another half a million. This was a huge influx for a population of six million to absorb. Furthermore, these new "mainlanders," as the Taiwanese called them, "spoke another language," literally and figuratively. The basic interests of the two groups proved divergent; and the friction that developed over such matters as universal military conscription and government controls over business, can be surmised without elaboration.

The bad feeling, in fact, began even earlier. Taiwan was occupied by the Japanese for more than forty years, and was not restored to Chinese rule until the end of World War II. Japanese administration of the island was characterized by ruthlessness, but also by a kind of slow, stubborn efficiency. Gradually they introduced railroads and industry, subdued the aborigine headhunters, and put an end to social disorder. As a Taiwanese cab driver, victim of a hold-up, told me vehemently, "There was no stealing around here while the Japanese were in charge!" The passage of time, no doubt, blurs the fact that thievery was then discouraged by the immediate dispatch of thieves, without legal niceties or bureaucratic ado. In any case, the Japanese gave the island stability and progress of a kind. When Japan again attacked China in the thirties, how did the Taiwanese behave? This is a crucial question even today for relationships between Chinese Nationalists, Japanese and Taiwanese, and, in fact, each group gives a different answer.

The Taiwanese greeted their "liberation" from the Japanese with enthusiasm, they maintain, and they fully expected to be integrated as a province of China under equal conditions with all the other provinces on the mainland. The Chinese Nationalist government, on the contrary, considered Taiwan a subjugated territory—its inhabitants, a Quisling-people who had collaborated with the Japanese.

If you read between the lines, you can see that the Jap-

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anese position is probably closest to reality. On the one hand, the Japanese Yearbook for 1943-1944 asserts that Taiwan had made "invaluable contributions toward the southward movement of the Imperial Army and Navy." This is a very embarrassing statement, on the face of it, to the Taiwanese today.

On the other hand, it strikes the observer as very curious, that, aside from one small corps of aborigine scouts, the Japanese raised virtually no Taiwanese "volunteers" for their conquest of China, as the Germans did in Hungary, for instance, for their attack on Russia. The Japanese thus did not make it clear that they could count on Taiwanese loyalty. Taiwan was certainly useful to them during the war—but only as a staging point for the movement of men, planes, and material.

Cynics have said, "The Taiwanese had it made, no matter what the outcome of the war. If the Japanese won, they were, after all, a Japanese colony. If China won, they were themselves a Chinese population." There is perhaps this much truth to the charge: after forty years of political and economic stability under the Japanese, however rigid the regime, the fading familial ties to the mainland were no longer strong enough to provoke the Taiwanese to outright rebellion. To say anything more than this would not be warranted by the facts.

The question is not merely academic. Something like 10,000 Taiwanese lost their lives under the ruthless suppression by General Chen Yi in the early days of Nationalist control of the island. (Ironically, Chen Yi, himself, was executed three years later, under suspicion of selling out to the Communists.)

A Chinese Province

Things are better now. Taiwan has not only been raised to the status of a legitimate province of China, but since the Communist take-over, has been the seat of the Republic of China—and, as such, the recipient of about $1.5 billion in American aid (military assistance aside). The standard of living on the island is reputed to be the second highest in Asia, following only Japan. Since 1956, when the economy really took off, the average annual growth of the gross national product has been an astounding 7.6% a year. All outright non-military grants by the United States government have been terminated, the island now being able to make progress under its own steam.

Nor was this economic success—now far beyond anything that the Japanese were able to accomplish—due only to American aid, large as that factor looms. For one thing, Chiang Kai-shek, following the debacle of the Nationalists on the mainland, ordered the Kuomintang to undertake a thorough assessment of party policies. The major result of this agonizing re-appraisal was the establishment of the highly successful Land Reform program on Taiwan. The program began almost immediately and was carried through with no stalling around, in three successive stages, from 1949 to 1953. No one lost out: neither the wealthy landowners who were paid off in land bonds and public industrial stocks which have yielded a handsome reward; nor the tenant farmers, who now own 90% of the land in their own name, with an income 173% higher than before.

Again, cynics have pointed out that Chiang Kai-shek did not have to parcel out the land of any high Kuomintang officials to carry out *Taiwanese* land reform (as he would have had to do, had he ever put such a program into effect on the mainland). However that may be, it is a fact that the Nationalist government has fulfilled the dream of Sun Yat-Sen, a dream which the Communist party on the mainland has betrayed: "The Land to the Tiller!"

This is not to suggest that the island does not still face the most excruciating kind of socio-economic problems. With more food, health-care, etc., Taiwan now has one of the highest densities of population in the world. With an annual birth rate of 3%, the population has just about doubled since the end of the war, and is expected to double again, within the next 25 years, unless stringent birth control methods are adopted.

By truly heroic efforts, the government, even with the tremendous increase in population—36% of people are under 12 years of age—has been able to provide nearly universal primary education. The latest figures released (1964-1965) show that 2.2 million children were enrolled. But at the higher levels, this figure plummets tragically: only 480,000 in high school, and only 64,000 in universities. But worse than even such a figure indicates, there is really only one first-class university on the island, so that modern professional training is denied to all but a few thousand students.

The numerous sons and daughters of this predominantly rural population can find no place for themselves on the farm. If the small farm is not to be divided beyond all hope of supporting a family, it can be bequeathed only to the eldest son, or to the son who is inclined to work it. The others must go off to the burgeoning cities. Whether they are to work back-breaking hours for the most meager return, or find themselves a decent job in some promising company, depends entirely upon their being admitted to the university. In fact the condition of the whole family depends to a large degree on whether or not the son can get in.

I was in Taiwan when the list of successful applicants to the university was published in the leading newspapers. These students, having successfully weathered the terrifying entrance examinations, and possessing the necessary tuition, had it "made." Just a few days later, I happened to be making a tour of police headquarters in the capital, Taipei, studying police methods and procedures. There I was shown a poster of photographs of missing persons: half of them were hardened criminals;

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the other half were clean-cut, intelligent-looking youngsters whose names had not appeared on the list of successful applicants. The head of the bureau of investigation explained to me that these youngsters felt they could no longer face their families, who had invested so much money in their education. Based on the history of previous years, many of these young men would never be seen by their families again. Some would simply disappear into the anonymous crowds of the large cities; some would commit suicide. (I found much the same problem, by the way, throughout the Far East—even in prosperous Japan.)

Will the U.S. Prove Fickle?

Seated one day in an airplane crossing the island, I found myself next to an official of the Nationalist government. I ventured to ask him why the regime did not pour more money into education, and less into the military. Taiwan, as we all know, boasts a well-equipped army of half a million men, and the best air force (outside that of the U.S.) in Asia.

"Isn't it certain," I asked him, "that our 7th Fleet provides such an umbrella that you need never fear a Communist assault?" "First of all," he replied, "while our forces may be sufficient to repel attack, they are none too large to undertake the invasion of the mainland. Now, look here, I know that many of you Americans think we're crazy to go on still dreaming about an invasion of Red China. But anything can happen. Whoever expected to see the Jews back in Israel? Now with the Red Guards terrorizing the populace, and obvious discontent within Mao's own hierarchy, any large scale uprising there could enable us to get back in and spearhead the attack."

"And as for the other business, about our being able to rely on the 7th Fleet, the answer is, for how long? Who were your enemies twenty years ago; and who are your friends today? West Germany and Japan, right? What do you mean we can count on you? Our backs are to the wall, and you are talking about taking Red China into the U.N., aren't you? The United States *can* change its policies. We need a big army."

Now let us return, for a moment, to the incident I mentioned in the beginning. My rich, industrialist, mainland friend was able to date a local Taiwanese beauty. This in itself is symbolic of the progress in relationships between the two groups that has taken place since 1949. But although she was "going with him," she would not "marry" him, and that about sums up relations between Taiwanese and Nationalist mainlanders.

Her relationship with him was even more symbolic than she knew; because, if truth be told, he was not free to marry her in the first place. His wife had been caught behind on the mainland, when the Nationalists fled to the island; and, as he admitted privately to me, he had never been able to forget her—even though divorces, in such cases, are obtainable on Taiwan. The heart of the mainlander remains fixed on the mainland. In nearly every case, a family is separated from one or more members, son, brother, wife, or parent. Psychiatrists on the island explain the rising rate of nervous breakdown (hitherto, very low among Chinese) in terms of this enforced separation from the homeland. Mainlanders drip with nostalgia and homesickness. Taiwan, actually, is one of the most strikingly scenic places I have ever been to; but praise its beauty in front of a mainlander, and you are sure to hear the retort, "You must come, one day, to China. All that you see here is very little compared to the mainland."

What about the future? Is it possible in the years to come that these two groups now "going together," would one day unite in "marriage"? Yes, it is possible; but not inevitable. One of the reasons they have been able to work things out at present is that the Taiwanese, whatever reservations they may have about the Nationalist government, have very few illusions about life in the Chinese People's Democratic Republic. Certainly, the peasant, who has just come into his own land, has no sentimental leaning toward the Red commune.

We must, by the way, strenuously avoid the sociological presupposition that because the mainlanders now provide political leadership, they also hold the bulk of the island's wealth. Surely the top ruling families are economically entrenched as well. But what of the vast numbers of simple soldiers and lower-ranking civil servants who made their escape to Taiwan? The truth of the matter is that the mainlanders fill *both* the top and the bottom economic slots.

Retired army men pull pedicaps, and hold the most menial jobs on Taiwan. Many of the leading businesses are in the hands of the Taiwanese, who are coming up fast; and who, when they don't like a particular mainlander, say to him, "Just wait, in ten more years we'll have you!"

There are all kinds of rumors, of course, about the future. Some speculate that Chiang Ching-kuo, son of the Generalissimo, and one of his most likely successors, has already made plans of his own about working things out with the post-Mao regime on the mainland. (By coincidence, his father, before him, was you will recall, in early years reputed to be a Bolshevik.) As far as an outside observer can judge, there is nothing to these rumors; yet, they are sometimes believed even by staunch Nationalists. One such official said to me, "If the Reds got me, they would cut my throat, as I would theirs. But what about my sons after I am gone? Can a little island like Taiwan remain forever outside the magnetic pull of the mainland?"

The question, of course, must go unanswered. For the present it appears, on balance, that out of the fear of *this* generation of Communist leaders, the nationalists and the Taiwanese are going to continue, at least, "to go steady."

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Let's live in the present

HOLY-CARD ARCHITECTURE

CLOVIS HEIMSATH

The wind blew off the East River, Brooklyn Heights was crisp with fall and we had somewhere to go. We assembled in empty St. Charles Borromeo Church, just like any Saturday morning except this one was charged for us—at 4 p.m. we sailed for Europe and a year away on a Fulbright. At ten that morning I joined the Church. Father O'Brien drove down from New Haven, Maryann's parents drove in from Manhasset, and Maryann, the children and I walked across from Henry Street. It is somewhat unpleasant, somewhat archaic to join the Church. I said all the words, prayed I said them with honesty and winced at the "giving up heresy" part.

My childhood as a Baptist minister's son was a long way away on that day. The First Baptist Church of Evanston—I know every room of it, including the basement and attic, especially the basement and attic. Old Carl, the caretaker, said there were ghosts there and I believed him as a boy and still wonder. Many a Saturday I roamed around the church, the empty Family Night room, the empty kitchen smelling of disinfectant and brown gravy, empty library and Sunday School rooms with chairs lined up as mock people before a mock and absent teacher.

One time a big sign was placed outside the church saying, "All Welcome, Come One, Come All." Mom thought it was corny and unbecoming so my brother and I took it down one late Saturday evening and tossed it on top of the garages behind the church alley. They found it! Next time we took it and broke it to pieces, burned it piece by piece in the furnace. No more sign! After services one Sunday, Charlie Saunders and I found lots of bread and grape juice in a room off the sanctuary. We ate a lot of it before Mr. Barnes came in and we stopped chewing. But nothing was like baptism, total and absolute immersion, everyone sopping wet including Dad, who looked like a face from the Inferno as he somberly dunked each one. The slipping and sliding and an American Standard Bible for each of us. Dad had something to say about eating it all, I guess he meant reading it all, but it sounded impressive. Mom made the American Standard sound only half all right, told me about the King James version. Still I left it open on my dressing table with two little candles on either side for a long time. Brother Chuck teased me about it and finally I put it away when Mom suggested it was too ostentatious.

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Sunday School—I had to go even when Charlie Saunders and lots of others stayed home. But didn't Christ Himself drink wine? How could drinking be so wrong then? Church as usher—we all had white carnations in our lapels and showed people their seats. Who was there today? Was it to be a good Sunday, would the Scotts (that's of Carson Pirie, Scott, you know) be there, the Barnes, the Turtlelows? Harold Spaulding, the head usher was a special friend of all of us, he ran a dress shop and dressed like he did. It was Harold, we heard, who stomped out of the Deacon's meeting years later, his metal heels resounding, the night they asked Dad to leave.

Dad was far away that Saturday morning in Brooklyn Heights, I joined a Church where Dad wasn't head anymore, where Mass is just as good with the Turtelows absent.

Designing for the New Liturgy

Eight years evaporate like cotton candy, now I face the Church again, this time as a practicing architect designing for the new liturgy. There is a wonderful movie about the dilemma—it shows people in the city, faces, mobs, lovers, derelicts; with the faces it blares out trivia, snatches of conversation—"What do you plan to do when you grow up?"—"No one understands me really, you know, no one" —"If you keep your health and everything goes wrong, well you can be sure about one thing, you have your health." At the end of the short, there is an aerial view of New York, then the face of a young girl and the speaker is saying to faint hand-clapping, "very nice, very nice." That's the title of the movie and that is the title of this paper, too, for designing for the new liturgy is really "very nice, very nice."

Where should the tabernacle go? Adé Bethune feels it can still be on axis with the altar. That's where we put it in our model, and lots of people felt it should be in a Chapel of Reservation, off axis perhaps. Confessionals in the rear, sacristy in the rear, stations in the rear, baptistry at the entering point. Altar rail, no; communion stations, no; ambo, yes; presiding chair, yes.

These changes *are* important, we agonized them as many others have; they *do* make a difference, the new church *is* more vital, But, but, but. But they aren't enough. The yearning in me is not satiated, the yearning in you is as real. What about that Fulbright year in Rome? Was it lost after

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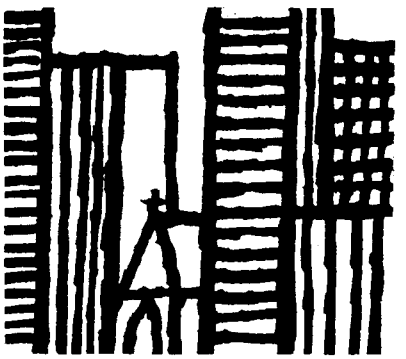
all? Can nothing of the mystery of architecture be found today to strengthen the spirit? Copies are shams, cheap prefab churches say nothing but gray nothingness. Let's compound dilemmas and add architecture to the rest. We are searching to communicate against the mystery of Christ in the Mass and in our lives—we are housing that search in an architecture of awfulness.

The Church's work OK, people see OK, they hear OK, and leave, OK. "In a poor parish like mine, you see, we have to think of the debt" . . . "We can't be building monuments, not with things changing the way they are" . . . "Nobody really understands modern things, I'd like them for myself, you know that, but I've got to think of the people."



When Father O'Brien was giving instruction he said that if Christ weren't *really* present in the Eurcharist, we might just as well turn our churches into basketball courts. Seems a strange clarification, somehow. Today, we build churches just like basketball courts, but no one is allowed to play basketball in them! Perhaps, this is the dilemma—should they really be basketball courts after all? It seems almost trite to say it, but I still believe in architecture, I still believe in Christ in the Eucharist. Do I? Yes. Do I? Yes. Do I? Yes.

We live by moods. Someday someone very bright and psychiatric will compound this into a theory—the Mood Theory. We will stop to wonder at these moods, how they come, expand, change, move and go kaleidoscopically from blue to white to red, from hot to cold to warm, from fear to security to numbness. We will find whole industries built on this knowledge, the make-believe fabric of theatre, the sensual, luxurious character of dining out, the matter-of-fact character of sports. We need an environment to bolster our moods; when we find it, we are delighted. The play superb, the dinner perfect, the ball-game great.

How do we find God? We find Him most readily, I believe, where the mood of God-finding is present, where we can be somewhat apart and thoughts of God are supported by our surroundings. It is the mood that architecture picks up and heightens. Architecture is the stage set at the theater, and the chandelier in the restaurant, the lighted scoreboard at the ball game. When a mood is clear, she dances in our minds and architecture as in a *pas de deux* supports her.

It is almost reactionary in an age of change to underline again the mood of God-finding. So much talk has been lavished at the new "basketball court" theology, priests in the factories, Mass in the home or in the storefront. These new liturgical ideas sparkle in the press and even a friend and helper on the way to the Church stresses all too often for my comfort that something must be done for those *un*-responsive to the mood of worship. Perhaps this is a problem, but what of us who *need* the mood to cancel out the ponderous thoughts of the world, who *need* a place apart, God-centered, to worship in?

It is the glory of the Church that she patronized art and architecture up through the nineteenth century. It is the heresy of the Church that she forgot the lesson she so magnificently taught the world. Granted there are places of worship today that move the spirit; too often the technique is to sentimentalize once meaningful forms and images, not seek fresh ones. Churches are still built to be a place apart, they are still festooned with objects to direct devotion, but it is not art, it is not architecture; it is a look back in plaster and make believe, maudlin holy cards and electric candles.

Before we dogmatize again the form of the Mass and its church surrounding, let us give the artist and architect a legitimate chance to heighten our God-finding for our twentieth-century minds.

How can it be done? It can be done only if the Church sees itself again as a patron. It must believe a patron's role is becoming to it, albeit necessary to it. Priests trained in art? Yes! The artist is denied, not because he is unprepared to speak but because so few in the clergy understand what he is saying. If art is again to be a true force in the Church, priests and religious as well must be trained in art. Let's be honest about this. It means, at least, a vast strengthening of the art programs in the seminaries.

Re-definitions

Suppose the Church is ready again for art and architecture? What will happen? Need one fasten the safety belt of faith and wonder "what next?" Perhaps. More likely, real art in the Church will bring momentary discomfort and long-lasting satisfaction. As an architect, I can speak only for what the architect will do. Given freedom, he will *define again* the place for devotion. He will happily use all the rubrics and ponder the implications of each change. What does it mean emotionally, visually, spatially to have the priest facing the faithful? Where should focal points be placed in the sanctuary, the tabernacle, the presiding priest's chair, the ambo, the lectern, the baptismal font, and so forth? Using these elements *how can he strengthen their meaning* through the tent of structure?

But this is only the beginning. Modern car-ridden man approaches the House of God sitting down. He peers at it through a looking-glass windshield, dodging lights and flying by objects. He packs up in dingy rows the machine

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of his life and fends his way across asphalt, hot in summer and cold in winter, to the sacred door, the side door. He is probably late, will he miss the main show altogether and be forced by well-meaning but pompous-seeming ushers to the gym Mass overflow? It is all so dreary, not unlike the pile-up of cars at the station or at the business parking garage. Grass, it's out front, but no ones sees it, they enter from the rear, trees spaced around, but not shading the parking lots.

Is this not an aesthetic tragedy? The mood of God-finding begins in the parking lot. How can hoards of people come together in automobiles and disperse in automobiles in a spirit of holiness? There is a problem fit for the best designers. Perhaps the answer will affect the Mass schedules; can architects be so bold?

How can the House of God be approached, now on foot, —the car is displaced—in a spirit of preparation? What elements can the architect offer, tree-lined paths stretching out into the lots, gracious arcades? When we enter where do we find ourselves? Is there a fore-court, an inside grouping area before we find our pews? And yet, are pews the answer for participating in the sacrifice of the Mass?

Would it be better to have a series of intimate "houses" rather than a large church? In some, people sit, in others people stand—one priest, one sacrifice, to each. Is the church light or dark? Do we need release from light or increase of light to enhance our 20th-century God-finding? Conceive a room white with light, the sky showing through from a thousand openings above or conceive a room darkened in quiet with a single light spotted on a place of focus.

Can we use water, or fire, trees or structure in a way to say holy place? Many years ago, I attended a beautiful place of worship—people sat in silence, the room was white wood walls, the benches simple, the focus on that snowy Sunday an open hearth. This Quaker Meeting Hall caught God in our hearts.

It is with joy that the architect and the artist find their work; it is this joy they can bring to the Church. There is no single design answer, thankfully, as there is no single artist. This is a plea, not for the tabernacle on axis or a particular position for the ambo, but for a "renaissance" in our approach to the House of God. Believe man needs help in finding God, believe the Church must help visually as well as theologically. Then, art will come again to serve the faithful.

The Secular City

ON COLUMNS AND CITIES

HARVEY COX

In a moment of unprecedented insight the editors of COMMONWEAL recently invited me to contribute a regular column to these pages. It is to deal with the whole gamut of modern urban secular life, with all possibilities and pitfalls, illuminated of course by a lucid theological perspective. I accepted the assignment with alacrity, though I suspect my new task will cause pangs of envy in many readers. Why not? Every peruser of newspapers and magazines secretly believes he could be a noteworthy columnist if given the chance. We all sense just how important columnists are in view of that ominous aspect of the urban revolution sometimes called the "information explosion." With a minimum of space, a short deadline and often a paucity of facts the columnist is expected to produce one clear distillate: an *opinion*.

We need to hear a clearly stated opinion from someone whose biases, however execrable, are at least familiar to us simply because it helps us contend with the bewildering flood of facts that cascades in on us every day. I know this from experience. During my daily 22-minute subway plunge from Dudley Station to Harvard Square I have time to glance at the headlines in the New York *Times* and check quickly on the Celtics. But then I turn to the columnists. I gasp at Reston's sweeping historical parallels. I simper at Russell Baker and fume over Arthur Krock. But I do read these fellow commuters because since I have read them all for years, what they think about something helps me to figure out what I think—about Ronald Reagan, Cambodia or interest rates. Thus I emerge at my destination with that indispensable prerequisite for sane living in a fact-flooded world: an Opinion.

Not that I *keep* the opinion. Far from it. But if I think *something* about something it helps me understand the next message the media fling at me. The problem is a real one. One expert predicted recently that the amount of information is increasing so quickly that by 1985 every person over 16 will have to absorb and classify as much information as the average Ph.D. student does today. We need ways of preselecting, discarding, evaluating information. And columns help.

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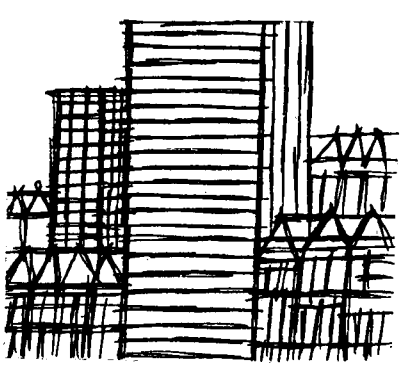
But why a column on "the city"? Again, the idea of the city has become today a handy way of organizing and integrating information. If we are bewildered by the vastness of artistic, political, religious and cultural history, focusing our attention on Byzantium or Baghdad provides a way of integrating all these fields within a single intelligible system. If we look at a modern city we see that no narrowly conceived academic discipline encompasses it. We "integrate" art, religion and politics by asking how they can conspire to enrich and enliven city life. I personally suspect the metaphysical ways of integrating knowledge are finished. From now on we will integrate the fields functionally around the needs of urban life.

But there is another reason to focus on the city. It has become our "existential polity," so we need to decide what sort of cities we want. In America people continue to pour into urban regions. Hundreds of rural midwestern counties have fewer people than they did in the 1930's. In South America, Africa and Asia the story is the same. Of course Marshal Lin Piao talks about the approaching Armageddon between the rural revolutionary goodies and the urban bourgeois baddies. But in his own country urbanization is also making its irresistible impact. And urbanization brings with it a characteristic way of living and thinking: anti-traditional, innovative, mobile, complex. It brings clashes that might have been avoided if everyone had stayed where he was. People don't like each other's haircuts. In Peking, the Teddy boys of the Red Guard want to cut off the old people's long hair. In Chicago the parents and school principals want to cut off the young people's long hair. But conflict is there. And where there is conflict of hair styling there is also conflict of values, ideology and faith. Cities breed conflict.



But conflict itself is not bad. It unlocks change and creativity. Only when it is stymied by inadequate social structures does it destroy the fabric of corporate life rather than renewing it. What we need more than anything else today are the political means by which our existential polity can be realized. We need instruments for resolving conflicts without destroying the marvelous cauldron which produces such confrontations.

Our problem in America is that we do not have the political mechanisms to steer the conflict of our cities into creative directions. As Peter Drucker says: "The metropolis is the decisive unit of community today. But it does not exist as a government at all. Instead, our system is built upon the old pre-industrial units of town, country, and state. No attack upon the problems of the metropolis is possible without at the same time attacking those deeply entrenched political bodies of our tradition and laws."

Statistical Majorities

Most urban planners would agree with Drucker that we need much larger governmental units to run our urban regions. It sounds very sensible. But as soon as you start to talk this way nowadays you are likely to infuriate the younger Negro leadership. Why? Because they see metropolitan government as one more white flimflam to keep Negroes out of power. In less than a decade Negroes will constitute a majority in 50 of America's largest cities. This is already the case in Washington, D.C., and Newark, N.J. It is getting close in Chicago, Indianapolis and Oakland. In the past, successive waves of immigrants have taken over power in the cities as they achieved a majority or close to it. But now that Negroes are within a few yards of the goal line they see white people enlarging the playing field and automatically pushing them back to their thirty-yard line. Thus while Negroes would be a majority of the city, they would constitute only a small minority of the whole urban region.

Still, despite the understandable opposition of some Negroes it is clear that some form of metropolitan government must come if urban life is to continue in America. New Jersey's smoke and soot blows over New York City. Cars from four states pour into Manhattan's streets every day. Trying to run an urban region with a city government is like trying to keep your house repaired when you can only touch one room.

There are some urban thinkers who believe we are now living in what one of them, E. A. Gutkind, calls "The Twilight of Cities" (N.Y. Free Press, 1962). Gutkind sees what he calls ". . . a centerless region as the next phase in the evolution of environmental structure." Another, Scott Greer in his book *The Emerging City* (N.Y. Free Press 1962), thinks we may have to stop talking and thinking about cities and find a whole new conceptual idiom. "The structure of the city as we know it may come to an end," he says. Why? "The process of increase in scale, nurtured in cities and once thought of as unique to them, [may] have so transformed the society as to eliminate any need for urban centers."

Now here comes my Opinion. In matters like this I become a conservative, maybe even a Jane Jacobs-style "urban romantic." Cities do not build themselves. They do not "develop." We build and develop them. We will have centerless blobs and lackluster sprawl if we want it, or if we just let it happen. But if we want city centers, downtown areas, places for personal confrontation, diversion, dialogue, we can have them. Cities are made for man

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not man for cities. We now know enough, or almost enough about cities to be able to decide in full consciousness what kind of city (and thus what kind of world) we want to build. There are researchers who argue that communications technology, especially the closed-circuit color television could soon eliminate the need for face-to-face contacts. We could stay outside the city and carry on everything we now do there via television phones.

Maybe we could, but I doubt it. One thing we do in cities is flirt, court and otherwise seduce members of the opposite sex. Without being anti-technological I submit that there are certain aspects of this enterprise which even full color feelies and smellies will not be able to handle. Man, as Christianity reminds us, when we'd like to forget it sometimes, is an embodied spirit. We live in, with and through our bodies; and our cities, I hope, will be built to celebrate and support that fact.

I hope you noticed the theology which came in toward the end. Next time I want to write about another theological subject: those godlike individuals who have the rare chance to create *ex nihilo,* to build a new city from scratch.

Exploring a dark and cruel period

A JAPANESE-CATHOLIC NOVEL

MICHAEL GALLAGHER

Into the sweetly tranquil and painfully respectable world of Japanese Catholicism, a recently published best-selling novel has obtruded with all the vulgar inappropriateness of a howitzer at a teaparty. The novel is called *The Silence,* and the author is Shusaku Endo, a Catholic, a writer of established reputation, and a former instructor in French literature at Sophia, the Jesuit University.

The Silence takes for its background an extremely dark and cruel historical period. The Tokugawa line of Shoguns, which held sway from the seventeenth century to the mid-nineteenth, was responsible for a violent anti-Christian persecution, which had the practical effect of sealing off Japan from foreign intercourse for two and a half centuries. The intensity of the persecution was stepped up under successive Shoguns, and its methods became gradually more cruel and more sophisticated. Their purpose was to make apostates not martyrs, and though to the everlasting glory of Japanese Catholicism they failed, their efforts were not totally without success. Two devices, both of which figure prominently in *The Silence,* proved to be especially effective: the torture known as *anazuri,* in which the victim is hung by his feet over a pit of excrement, with slashes made behind his ears to release the pent-up blood; and the *fumie,* a bas-relief image depicting Christ or the Saints, which was placed on a public road under the watchful eye of an official and which had to be stepped on by every passerby.

The most celebrated victim of *anazuri* was a Portuguese Jesuit named Ferreira, who broke under this terrible torture and renounced his faith. At the time of his apostasy, he had spent over thirty years in Japan and held the office of Provincial. Little is known of Ferreira's subsequent history. He was forced to adopt a Japanese name and to take a wife, and he appears in the records of the Shogunate as dying some years later at a residence for apostate priests near what is now Tokyo.

The protagonist of *The Silence* is a young Portuguese Jesuit named Rodrigo, a complex and introspective figure, who together with his far simpler and more enthusiastic companion, Garpe, lands secretly in Japan after the news of Ferreira's downfall has filtered in confused fashion back to the Portuguese colony of Macao. For a time Rodrigo and Garpe carry on separate apostolates in the neighborhood of Nagasaki, ministering to Christians who have not seen a priest in years. Then, as they had known was inevitable, they are captured. Garpe is killed in a vain attempt to save the lives of some Christians, and the burden of faith must be borne by Rodrigo alone. He is brought at length to Nagasaki where he is questioned, though in an informal and courteous fashion by Inoue, the territorial prefect, who is the Shogun's principal agent in Nagasaki. The two debate amicably enough on the issue of Christianity's relevance to Japan. Inoue contends, though with every sign of sympathy, that the gallant efforts of the foreign missionaries have been all in vain, for Japan is like a marsh which sucks in anything at all but changes it intrinsically in the process. Besides, he argues, since the Japanese have already gotten the concept of a universal mercy from Buddhism, what really has Christianity to offer, especially since it had been evolved in an environment so utterly different from Japan?

Rodrigo replies as best he can with the fundamental arguments about the uniqueness of the Christian message, but though he acquits himself well enough, he feels a growing uneasiness approaching dread. By this time he

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has witnessed the death of a number of martyrs, all of them simple, uneducated farmers. Their lives at best had been poor and full of suffering. Then their new faith had only, so it seemed, increased their sufferings and finally led to ignominious death, for as Rodrigo had observed, there had been no overtones of glory to their final agonies. Finally, most frightening of all, he suddenly feels his own responsibility press down upon him with crushing weight. Had he not come to Japan, these people would not have died. Had not the Christian message been brought to Japan at all, how much suffering would have been avoided! Why does God demand so much? And how may God, in the face of all the terrible suffering which the communication of His truth has caused, remain silent? Earlier, when some Christians were bound with ropes and thrown from a boat because Garpe had refused to step on a *fumie,* Rodrigo had cried out in his heart, "Step on it, step on it! It doesn't matter!" a rush of sentiment which had profoundly shocked him. But the dangerous thoughts persist: "Wouldn't Christ have stepped on the image if He had been there?"

In this troubled state of mind, Rodrigo is suddenly confronted with the apostate Ferreira, whom he could not remember otherwise than as the gentle, understanding guide of his seminary days in Portugal. This scene is one of the most dramatic of the novel, as the two men desperately fence for a time, each seeking to avoid the issue which now divides them but inevitably plunging into it. Ferreira is quick and voluble in justifying himself. He repeats much that Inoue had said and is able to put the same arguments in a more convincing way. The Japanese Christians had never understood Christianity. They thought Xavier was preaching one of the Buddhist deities, and their later understanding has not been much more profound. He is prepared for Rodrigo's counter argument about the martyrs, charging that this is no proof, for they died for a god of their fashioning and not for Christ's sake.

Ferreira does not explicitly relate all this to his own apostasy, but his implication is clear: in view of the shock of this massive failure of evangelization, God could not possibly have expected him to stand up to the dreadful torment of *anazuri.* What God does expect of him, Ferreira does not seem to know nor have the will or the courage to think about, as he wearily tries to pass his days in a pathetic show of significant activity, doing translation work for the Shogun's regime and so "being of use," as he puts it.

Rodrigo's own crisis soon comes. After he once more refuses to apostatize in the presence of Inoue and after being led on a lonely and movingly depicted Way of the Cross through the jeering crowds of Nagasaki, he is confined overnight in a small hut in an outlying district preparatory to being put to the *anazuri.* His spirits are lifted when he finds the words "Laudate" carved on the wall of the hut, and he resolves to die in the example of the unknown martyr who had occupied the cell before him rather than to break under the torture. After this decision he feels great consolation and is prepared to pass the rest of the night tranquilly.

However, an unidentified noise strangely unnerves him. It seems to be nothing more sinister than the sound of someone snoring heavily. At this point Ferreira appears at the door of the hut, and the crucial exchange which follows shatters Rodrigo. It was he, Ferreira tells him, who had carved "Laudate" on the wall years before. And he like Rodrigo had listened to the same noise all through the terrible night—not the sound of someone snoring, but the agonized breathing of a Christian undergoing the *anazuri* outside the cell. The official who accompanies Ferreira holds out a *fumie,* which Rodrigo takes in his trembling hands. The image is the face of Christ, but not a beautiful Christ, glorious and triumphant, but an ugly Christ, broken and defeated, who seems to speak to Rodrigo: "Go ahead and step on me. It was for this reason that I came into this world."

In the final scene of the novel, which takes place a year later, the apostate Rodrigo gives absolution to a wretched, cowardly Christian, Kichijiro, an apostate many times over, who had been his betrayer. Rodrigo knows that he had no right to do this since he has cut himself off from the Church and in the eyes of his fellow priests he is a scandal and a shameful outcast. Yet he knows in his heart that he has been faithful to Christ despite all, and in a moving final affirmation he confronts at last the awesome mystery which has tormented him since he had set foot in this alien land: "Even if He were silent, what would it matter? When everything that I've done has done nothing else but speak of Him?"

Greene's influence upon Endo seems rather pronounced. The Judas figure, Kichijiro, has a prototype in the *mestizo* in *The Power and the Glory,* even to the whining manner and bad teeth. And the Whisky Priest of the same novel has, I think, contributed something to the character of this other hunted priest, Rodrigo. Even the symbolism of the cock crowing after Scobie's betrayal of God is skillfully adapted by Endo. Yet he blends his themes into a Japanese mood and setting, giving them his own shading and developing his own levels of meaning. For instance, *The Silence* hinges on the problem of pity, much

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as *The Heart of the Matter* does: but Endo adds a further nuance by contrasting the universal and indiscriminate Buddhist pity with the apparently narrower and more exacting Christian variety.

Besides becoming extremely popular, this complex novel has managed to pull off the far more difficult feat of engaging the serious and quite favorable attention of those most indefatigable but capricious of literary practitioners, the upper echelon of Japanese intellectuals. These gentlemen have in general rested secure in the assumption that Japan has long since taken all that is useful for her from Christianity and that the claims of Roman Catholicism are scarcely worth discussing any further. However, when confronted with Endo's stark presentation of the implications and consequences of those claims and with the dramatic power which the issue of faith, however absurd it may be, can generate, they have felt constrained to resurrect the question. That many of them succeeded to their own satisfaction in interpreting Endo to confirm their previous opinion is not especially important. What is significant is their awareness that indeed such a Tartar as Endo has emerged from innocuous Japanese Catholicism and that, in coming to grips with his theme, they have found themselves struggling in depths to which they are not accustomed in the sex-and-sensibility fiction of a Tanizaki or a Mishima.

For the Catholicism of *The Silence* is a dark and threatening thing. The conventional image current in Japan is shattered in it. Here is no sweet brand of easy consolation attractive to the weak, the confused, the sick, dispensed by soothing priests oblivious to everything nasty and contemporary. Here rather is the source of turmoil and disorder, which brings terrible suffering in its wake, whose agents, despite themselves, are harbingers of disaster both for themselves and those who hear them.

Whatever criticism one wishes to make of Endo's image, he depicts at least a Catholicism which cannot safely be ignored.

BERNICE AMES

CANARY

escapes into yellow song
repeating his one freedom.
Almost too slender for shadow
were there sun, the bars of his cage,
a benevolent burden,

staff the clear music he sings
and hold him for the singing.
In dark he folds into feather,
a glint from the sun's great burning
kindled by morning and love.

STATE NO. 50

THE SCREEN

"We hungered for the word of God, and you only despoiled our land and people." Thus speaks a young Hawaiian prince about the zealous missionaries, the lustful sailors, and greedy exploiters who came to his lush, tropical paradise. And this is the theme of "Hawaii," the 188-minute movie (plus intermission) produced by Walter Mirisch and directed by George Roy Hill. The main trouble with this movie is not its slick production (it could even have been slicker, considering the fifteen million it cost) but that it was made at all—and particularly made from the popular James A. Michener's novel. Sooner or later, film makers are going to have to learn that not all best-sellers are grist for the movie mill. Michener's lengthy novel, covering several centuries, was obviously not grist. And when producer-director Fred Zinnemann withdrew from the project after several years of work, the film should have been dropped right then and there. Or better yet, if the investment had to be saved, Michener should have been hired to write an original treatment, retelling the missionary theme which is valid, but discarding his old plot with all its clutter. Instead, Dalton Trumbo was hired to rewrite the Daniel Taradash script which Zinnemann found unworkable—and the result is the "Hawaii" we have. Readers of the novel, who were no doubt supposed to be pleased by the film, will be surprised to discover that it covers only a segment of the book and, after a handsomely photographed prologue based on myth and geology, settles down to 1819 and the following 20 years.

This "Hawaii" tells the story of Abner Hale, a Bible-thumping young Calvinist minister whose zeal to save souls after his graduation from Yale Divinity School makes him decide to become a missionary and save the natives of Hawaii. When this bachelor discovers he must be accompanied by a wife, he courts Jerusha Bromley, a New England girl who marries him on the rebound after not hearing for years from the man of her choice, a sea captain. That Abner and Jerusha are ill-matched soon becomes obvious—in New England, on board the two-masted bark that carries them through storm and rough seas from Boston, and in Hawaii where they finally settle on the island of Maui after the disconcerting voyage-honeymoon.

If Abner weren't such a bigoted prig, he might have done some good on his mission, but the problems confronting him in Hawaii prove too much: the sensuous life, incest, half-naked girls, idol worship, and some of the mores of the naive, fun-loving natives shock the strict minister. Fortunately for him, the island's Queen Malama is greatly impressed with Abner's lovely wife, and through

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these two women Abner wins some of his requests, but converts are few. The plot plods on tediously and episodically giving us instance after instance of Abner's stubbornness and failure. And three hours of this hard-hearted but earnest hero become very trying indeed.

What does save "Hawaii" to some extent is the magnificent performance of Max von Sydow in this lead role. This Swedish actor succeeds not in making us like Abner but in making us understand him, his sincerity, his unbending determination to save these misguided souls who are equally determined not to give up their customs and established ways. How can Queen Malama separate herself from her husband-brother whom she has loved all these years?

Julie Andrews is attractive as Jerusha, but in a thin lady-like sort of way, and her best scenes are with Malama, scenes that add a touch of humor to the grim story and even suggest "The King and I" sort of fun. The Jerusha role has no depth, so Julie can do little more than give it charm and some understanding of her stern husband. The Queen, Jocelyne La Garde in her first and only movie, steals every scene she's in with her enormous size and infectious warmth. As Jerusha's sea captain who turns up to make trouble, Richard Harris is only a symbol of tough, rough, carousing masculinity. The many handsome natives who play the islanders look good in background and foreground scenes, and the supporting cast of whites do well enough in their small roles.

As a spectacle, "Hawaii" frequently comes through well in the storm-at-sea episodes and the storm-on-island incidents. Perhaps as a 90-minute movie, this "Hawaii" could have been a winner. Or better yet, perhaps it should have been an Ingmar Bergman film with emphasis on what goes on in a man who's a fanatic but well-meaning minister.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE INVESTIGATION

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ETC.

On October 19, 1965, a solemn but electric theatrical event brought at least a part of East and West Germany into galvanic if transitory contact. The occasion was the premiere, staged simultaneously before fifteen separate audiences in both segments of Germany, of a new play, "The Investigation." Written by Peter Weiss, of "Marat/Sade" fame, the new work is a documentary based upon the recent trial at Frankfurt of some of the middle-management people who administered the day-to-day operations of the human slaughter house at Auschwitz.

"The Investigation" is a landmark play. Its unprecedented joint premieres, which provoked the first (if but token) spiritual reunification of the Germans since the Wall, are not its main claim to this distinction. More significantly, it marks the first willingness of the German people to witness together, in public, a presentation of the unspeakable physical details of the slaughter they or their fathers suffered (in both senses of that word).

The pioneer German stage documentary relating to the Hitler period was, of course, the Rolf Hochhuth play known in America as "The Deputy." But when this play was produced by Erwin Piscator at West Berlin's Volksbühne Theatre in 1963, the death camp scenes were either eliminated or muted to a suggestive note (this version showed no more in-the-flesh barbarity on stage than had America's earlier "The Diary of Anne Frank"). The Piscator production concentrated instead upon those portions of Hochhuth's novel-length script which most directly imputed Pius XII. The Germans weren't yet ready, or at least were not considered ready, to cope with a staged representation of their fratricidal immediate past, or to focus the question of guilt upon themselves. (In contrast, both the London and the New York productions of "The Deputy" included telling scenes of Nazi brutality, and were therefore more representative of the original script.)

The initial production of Weiss' first play, "Marat/Sade," in West Berlin in 1964 was doubtlessly facilitated by the comforting and disarming fact that, for all its macabre grotesquery, it certainly is not a transcription of specifically German events, and can be construed as only a parable of the cross-currents implicit in (generalized) social change. A Polish documentary film about Auschwitz that has been acclaimed outside Germany, Wanda Jakubowska's "The End of Our World," has been screened privately in Berlin, but not even the immediate acceptance of "The Investigation" has impelled German commercial distribution of the similar film.

Technically, the very dramatic structure of "The Investigation" renders impossible the kind of surgical cleansing that Piscator performed on "The Deputy," and its detailed description of German activities in German death camps is as uncompromisingly precise as Weiss' earlier films and his "Marat/Sade" are ostensibly non-German and symbolic. Described by its author as an "oratorio in eleven cantatas" (after Dante's *Inferno*), the new play consists of cross-examination and testimony in a courtroom setting. Weiss attended the trials of the former Auschwitz foremen in Frankfurt last summer, and is reported to have built his play while the trial was in progress, basing its episodes on his own observations, newspaper reports and court transcriptions.

Weiss has organized the testimony he chose to dramatize under the eleven subject headings (his "cantos": The Loading Ramp, The Camp, The Black Wall, The Bunker-block, etc.). The first describes the procedure at the Auschwitz rail siding where the arriving cattle or box cars are unloaded, and their human freight sorted. The categories: a) immediate extinction, or b) a few months' labor until starvation slows the organism, or c) otherwise

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useful. Canto by canto, life and death in the confine is described in exactly horrific detail. All that happens on the stage is the questioning and the answering. Nothing is acted out. People stand or sit. They rarely even gesture. They only talk, and explain, and rationalize, and try to justify their camp-time behavior. Word by word, sequence by sequence, a stultifying story is unfolded. We discover how, locked into a new and inescapable human relationship, both the imprisoned and the imprisoners become desperately inhuman, and learn to subsist by giving free play to animal resources neither knew they possessed. When the relentless sequence of the cantos leads finally to the fire ovens, we feel almost relieved—almost as if after these unspeakable revelations of the extent of man's rapacity no other end could contain him.

The meaning of "The Investigation" to its German audience cannot be conveyed without emphasizing the impact of the Frankfurt trial in Germany in contradistinction to that of the earlier Nuremberg trials. For all its sanction by a hastily contrived local government, Nuremberg could be, and to an extent was, rationalized in the German mind as an intrusive judgment by enemies. Nuremberg did not arise out of Germany's own recognition of a need to judge. But Frankfurt did. The trials at Frankfurt were a willful and purposed look at German behavior by Germans.

Moreover, Nuremberg concentrated upon the big shots, and for this reason lifted the German Establishment off the hook. It would be unthinkable to a Frenchman, but has remained perfectly plausible to a German, that a Kaiser or a Hitler could be wrong while his Civil Service remained well within the bounds of propriety. Berthold Brecht said that there could never be a real German revolution, because even hungry Germans wouldn't really walk across the municipal grass. Brecht correctly acknowledged his compatriots' continued fantastic acceptance of and patriotic allegiance to the German administrative Establishment. So long as the war trials labeled only the leaders as culprits, the culture and its systemology weren't really touched. The system and the rationalizations built over the German centuries remained sacrosanct.

But the trials held at Frankfurt made it everlastingly clear that not only the leaders but also the middle-men of the German bureaucracy knew exactly what game they were playing—and that Uncle Max and that nice man next door and the stolid civil servant down the street were in on the mass murders and in on the swag. Every animal culpability that each of us secretly knows to be secreted within himself was documented in the relentless testimony at Frankfurt. It stressed the little meannesses and the petty inhumanities and the seemingly insignificant moral transgressions that are perhaps as meaningful a part of the equation that adds up to Auschwitz as is the almost incomprehensible mass killing. It is not of the murder but of the minutiae that "The Investigation" is built. Weiss' play incessantly flays a thousand petty but immutably grisly particulars to puncture the myth of a culture's innocence.

"The Investigation" may well prove to be as salient aesthetically as it already has become sociologically. Whereas the same author's 'Marat/Sade," especially as staged in England, has been acclaimed by some as a landmark accomplishment in redirecting the theater toward its ancient purposes, I submit that in this sense "The Investigation" in fact succeeds in every way that "Marat/Sade" (and particularly its British production) fails.

As directed by Peter Brook, and as recently being played by the Royal Shakespeare Company in New York, "Marat/Sade" represents the most prodigious modern effort to "restore the theater." Whereas the play is staged relatively naturalistically in Germany (in a politically slanted East German version that emphasizes Marat's call for social action, as well as in a more equivocal West Germen edition that tends to give Marat and Sade equal time), the British interpretation has consciously sought to apply the currently most respected theatrical theory. As instructed by Antonin Artaud, it will be unsparing of its audience. As bid by Berthold Brecht, it will deprive its audience of emotional suckling, and will require unappeased attention. So intent is it in these purposes that the British interpretation may be accused of subverting its script's intellectual dichotomies and literary merits to the production's insistent and energetic grotesquery. However, for all the study and effort that has been lavished upon it, this "Marat/Sade" has become an intellectually interesting, cognitively shocking, but emotionally uninvolving theatrical experience that is therefore forgettable.

Ritual Drama

"The Investigation" was played in West Berlin's Volksbühne (this was the premiere its author attended) as a ritual drama, with the witnesses performing from a three-tiered set in the manner of a Greek chorus, and with an aural accompaniment of electronic music overlaid on a background of human shrieks. The initial and the succeeding readings under Peter Brook's direction at London's Aldwych have been done in a manner Brook describes as that of a "happening." That is, there is no music, no decor, no mannerism; there is not even "acting." However, whether it is stylized or simply spoken, the play is often intellectually boring, and is rarely cerebrally stimulating, but it is emotionally (or should I say humanly?) stunning and utterly memorable.

"The Investigation" as it has been performed in Germany and in England has brought drama back to its point of origin. During its course its audience becomes a congregation, and at its close files silently from its presence as from a religious service. For the play is not "enjoyed"; it is experienced. It is not "analyzed"; it is ab-

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sorbed. Here we deal, not with Marat's embroidered intellectualizations about one aspect of ourselves, or with de Sade's about another, but rather with the unintellectualized essence of our selves and our kind—with those unmagnified (if only they were!) ambiguities and ambivalences which made, and continue to make, Auschwitz possible. Our dulled and solemn emotions investigate and address themselves anew to the awful question that must have prompted the first religious service and the first drama: is man's constraint within any order—social or religious—so much as possible?

Now, a year later, an ersatz and curtailed "Investigation" is underway in New York. Its original Dante-esque eleven cantos have been diminished here to ten. And each of these ten has undergone its own further diminution. If played in full, Peter Weiss' published text might require five hours. In most European versions, the playing time has been about three hours; that of the new New York production is two.

The European presentations have been impersonally ritualistic, or they have been spoken rather than acted. But the current New York company "plays" for melodrama. Despite Weiss' specific injunction that "it can be either sung or read, but it cannot really be acted," director Ulu Grosbard introduces histrionics to "The Investigation": an actor-accused "collapses" during the trial; the actor-witnesses accuse with passion, and they describe with anguish.

The concluding canto in the European productions is that which Weiss calls "The Fire-Ovens"—and I have already shown why the European manner of playing renders no other culmination than the inferno conceivable. But the American co-adapters, Jon Swan and Ulu Grosbard, have decided that the New York production should conclude with their edited version of what was originally canto five: "The Possibility of Survival." In New York, the drama closes to a series of intellectualized sermonettes which cite the individual's responsibilities when he finds that he is a member of an amoral power structure.

Overwhelming Revelation

In Europe, the interminably relentless and pitiless recital of fact upon fact upon grisly fact, and finally, the purging of these stultifying actualities in their only conceivable repository—the crematory—provokes in its audiences not rational social or political "understanding," but ineffable awe before its overwhelming revelation of the human potential for evil.

In New York, the textual diminution and the overplaying makes the play endurable rather than grating; relenting rather than relentless; sentimentally piteous rather than caustically pitiless. Interposed sensibility interrupts and disrupts the script's awful inexorability. And at the play's end, an imposed and unconvincing rationale distracts the New York audiences from the text's crucial exposé of irrationality at its supreme extreme.

Someone must now discard the Swan-Grosbard canard, and present to American audiences the faithful and excellent Alexander Gross translation that is used in England.

And the next series of performances of "The Investigation" might better take place in a non-Broadway environment—in the *Playbill* handed out at the current Broadway production, detailed diagrams of the Auschwitz death factories are surrounded with deodorant and aphrodisiac-cosmetic ads, and this juxtaposition says more than I, for one, can bear to have said.

R. J. SCHROEDER

THE MINOR CRITIC

THE STAGE

The play was making unusually little sense tonight. His attention had slipped during one of the key scenes —well, it hadn't looked like a key scene, but it obviously was. You couldn't be too careful. The people on the stage were getting angry now, tormented, and he couldn't for the life of him make out why. It took so little to set people off these days.

With nothing to grip onto, he might very well lose this scene too. And then the whole miserable play would come unstuck in his hands. Was this the *niece* they were talking about? The one who had gone to California under a cloud? Were they getting angry about that *again?* He made a naked effort of concentration. No, it wasn't the niece. It was someone called Leslie.

Leslie? Who in sweet hell was Leslie? Come on, fellows, give us a clue. Boy or girl? Goods or services? Writers shouldn't be allowed to use names like Leslie. The characters should be called Fatso or Unk, the way they were in the old days. He made a note on the grey program on his knees. "Plotting much too comp" . . . his ballpoint plunged into the black part of an ad and pirouetted helplessly on the wax paper.

Oh well, maybe Horace Phelps could straighten it all out for him in the intermission. Horace had a mind like a computer and he didn't like anything. In fact his loathing of commercial plays seemed to burn them into his memory so that he could fill you in on last year's fiascoes as if they were fresh insults. Horace's version will sound awful, we'll just have to allow for that. It was too late to pick up the threads. Leslie, he of the indeterminate sex, was missing. That was all he knew. Maybe Leslie stood for Faith—possibly even God. He jotted the word "pretentious," just in case.

He gazed around his work-room. The humble second-night folk. Empty seats growing vinous down the sides.

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Probably a so-so review in the *Times*, just enough to keep the play gasping like a beached fish. The first winter coughs, making their modest debuts. The sound of a program clattering to earth. Second-nighters might not be glamorous, but they were housebroken. They kept their heads fairly still, and they moved their knees well, when occasion arose.

A thought about second nights. The producers made such a fuss about getting the big critics to the first-nights, because the actors were "up" for that performance. But then, they invited all the little critics to the *second* nights, when everybody was as down as could be. Including the critics, of course. The minor critic had never been to a theater where everyone wasn't down.

Good grief, if I can't concentrate in October, what will it be like by January? Perhaps the tiny muscles will be tuned up by then. Also, allow me this, it has been a rough week. Two English imports, one of them in densest cockney, and that German thing where you needed earphones. (His right ear was still sore from that one.) Next week, the first of the season's Big Musicals. He pictured his head caught between the cymbals. Crunch.

This fellow seemed to be writing his tiny heart out in Act I. The critic's lumbar region told him that an intermission was long overdue. He began to scribble: "defective sense of pace." He squinted at the shadowy program to see if the pen was working. Good Lord—there *were* only two acts, altogether. He could have sworn from the way the maid answered the phone that this was going to be a three-act job.

The question now was, could even Horace Phelps process this mass of material in ten short minutes, and bring a fellow reasonably up to date? Just the relationships could take that long, never mind the symbols. He groaned into his rolled program. Did he really have any right to express an opinion at all? And not only an opinion, but quite likely a pompous one? (His opinions accreted their own pomposity now, invisible to himself.)

Ten years ago this could not have happened. In those days he used to come to the theater quiveringly alert. He made notes about the scenery. He analyzed the costumes. It wasn't integrity as such—he just thought that people found you out if you didn't do those things. Ha. Very funny. And his opinions were diffident, too, and earnestly arrived at. He felt that he didn't belong in there with the real critics, the Brusteins and the Phelpses, but that he might get a mention for industriousness. He also got ugly letters from a man in Altoona whenever he committed an excess, and he thought that this mattered. In those days.

Ten years ago, he worried about his readers—were they perhaps more sensitive than he? He worried about his aesthetic ideas running out. After shakily stuffing about half of them into his first three columns, he wondered where the rest would come from. Little did he know how many variations you could play on a handful of old insights. Or how few you needed to cover a Broadway season.

It was the plays that finally defeated you. So few of them challenged one at any level above the feet. This one probably didn't—he would find out from Horace. One last question, sir: Why didn't you quit when you felt this apathy coming on? Critic: You don't really understand, do you, young lady? To begin with, I still like the theater. I'm not sure quite what I like about it, but like it I do. I like the seats, the lobbies, the curtains. Sometimes I even like the plays—although not always the right ones. I doubt if I could get through a winter without the theater.

And speaking of curtains. Down it came at last, when he had almost given up hoping. Horace Phelps came surging up the aisle in bitterest gloom, looking for someone to share the torment with.

Horace said, glumly, "I'm afraid it looks pretty good." "You mean it *isn't* trash?" the minor critic wanted to say. "You meant it's one of the important ones?" But his relationship with Horace wasn't quite that cynical. Instead he said, "I don't know. All that stuff about Leslie" . . . "Well, I agree," said Horace in apparent agony, "using an animal as a symbol is pretty questionable in this day and age—but I think our friend has brought it off." The minor critic slumped to attention. This was his last chance. If he missed Phelps' resume, he would have to go home and read Walter Kerr. And everyone knew how he felt about Walter Kerr.

But as Horace spoke, he sensed his own opinion forming surely, like a growth, with the little jokes sprouting cheerfully next to the put-downs and the concessions. Bits of action that had stuck to the retina came back now under Horace's wand, and made a kind of sense. He really had seen the first act, he just hadn't known that he'd seen it. The second act, he knew from experience, would be no trouble at all.

On the way home to his seat, he decided this much: that if ever he got so he could no longer pay attention to Horace—Horace, the best theater man he knew, who reproduced in pain, the life and texture of every scene and who never wearied of his ghastly labors—that would be time enough to quit.

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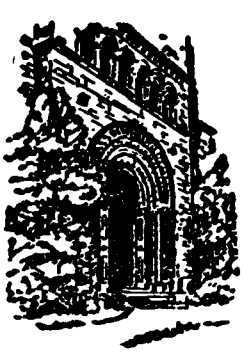

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BOOKS

Re-interpreting the case of Galileo

Galileo, Science and the Church

JEROME J. LANGFORD

Desclee Co., Inc. $5.95

THOMAS P. MC TIGHE

A friend of mine once remarked that American Catholicism will have come of age when it has produced an objective study of John Dewey. In a way the same could be said of the Galileo case which in the past has so often aroused the worst sort of Catholic apologetics. Anyhow, Father Langford's book (not to mention those Dewey studies which happily now exist) is utterly free of any misplaced apologetics. If one can fault his interpretation of this or that point, there can be no disputing his success in dealing fairly and objectively with this extraordinarily complex event.

That the Galileo case was a complex of intellectual, religious, political, and personal factors is now realized by all the best scholarship. Such, of course, was not always the case. Nineteenth- and early twentieth-century accounts alternated between the melodrama of martyrdom and the defensiveness of Catholic apologetics. More recently, however, with the publication of Giorgio de Santillana's *The Crime of Galileo* (1955) and Arthur Koestler's *The Sleepwalkers* (1959) the division among interpretations took a new and interesting turn. De Santillana repeats the old story, though with consummate skill, of Galileo, the hero of science brought down by the treachery of sinister men in the service of an authoritarian religion. Koestler's Galileo is the very opposite—vain, arrogant, deceitful, not a creative scientist but a publicist who willfully ignored Kepler's decisive contributions and who by rushing the pace too quickly caused a needless collision between science and religion. All this, mind you, not from a Catholic apologist but the author of *Darkness at Noon.*

Moving into the breach between these two brands of prejudice, Father Langford sets out to determine the facts of the Galileo case and their meaning. With remarkable skill he puts into perspective all the elements of the whole unhappy affair: the atmosphere of defensiveness and fear aroused by the Catholic-Protestant religious disputes, the more than prickly personality of Galileo, the role of the Jesuits, the character of Maffeo Barberini, later to be Pope Urban VIII, the disputed document from the earlier condemnation of 1616, and the undeniable evidence both of chicanery and stupidity in some of Galileo's opponents. He is fair on points which Koestler distorts and de Santillana conveniently ignores: Galileo's failure to exploit Kepler's brilliant advances, his serious oversight in ignoring the half-way house astronomy of Tycho Brahe, and his inability to produce an incontrovertible physical proof of the heliocentric theory. Finally, with just the right emphasis, Fr. Langford demolishes the tiresome legends of imprisonment and torture.

If there is one weakness in his interpretation, it is his failure to deal adequately with the philosophical issues involved in the case. As a consequence, he does some injustice to Galileo's stand, though not, I must emphasize, out of bias or prejudice. The point at issue is Galileo's controversy with Cardinal Bellarmine.

Bellarmine, while admitting the superiority of Copernicanism, had cautioned that the theory should be considered simply as a hypothesis and not as a realist account of actual celestial motions. Galileo took a much more objectivist view. For him the new astronomy was a theoretical statement of the way things are and must be. Father Langford's position is that Bellarmine was right scientifically in demanding that a hypothesis remain only a hypothesis until "proven as a fact." Galileo, therefore, bears some of the blame for the inevitable hardening of the opposition because of his stubborn refusal to regard the heliocentric theory as a "working hypothesis."

Now this approach, so reasonable on the face of it, contains some questionable assumptions. It assumes that Bellarmine's remarks are equatable with present-day scientific caution and that Galileo's stubborn advocacy of Copernicanism drove him to extremes he would normally have avoided. Neither of these assumptions, however, is entirely correct.

In the first place, Father Langford has anachronized Bellarmine's brief remarks on the status of astronomical theory. The Cardinal, whose concern for caution was less scientific than exegetical, was merely repeating a position that dates back to the Platonic Academy. According to this view, astronomical theory is simply a device for "saving the appearances." That is, from a set of purely hypothetical principles (e.g., that the earth is at rest and the other bodies in motion) the apparently orderless and irrational celestial movements could be brought into a rational correlation.

Astronomical theory, however, whether geocentric or heliocentric, was regarded as having no trajectory to real states of affairs. It was considered to be a pure fictionalism. Moreover, as its proponents, both Greek and medieval, had recognized, this manner of correlating astronomical phenomena contained the fallacy of consequent. Hence no amount of verification of the propositions derived from the initial hypotheses could ever cause the latter to shed their postulatory status, or, to use Father Langford's language "to be transformed into fact."

Thus, Bellarmine was counseling far more than scientific caution. And, in any case, the terms "unproven" or "working" hypothesis, which Father Langford uses, have in contemporary language a much more realist impact. Added to all this is the fact that the theory of "saving the appearances" had achieved some noto-

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riety in an anonymous preface added to Copernicus' own work by a young Lutheran theologian, a preface which enraged both Kepler and Galileo.

Secondly, Father Langford misconstrues Galileo's insistence upon the objective and necessary status of Copernicanism. Certainly Galileo was a stubborn and uncompromising sort. Indeed, after reading this book one can't help thinking that things would have gone much better if only he knew when to keep his mouth shut. But these qualities of character are insufficient to explain Galileo's vigorous rejection of the notion of "saving the appearances." The reasons lie much deeper in his own philosophy of science.

He who did so much to unify celestial and terrestial science was also concerned to unify the theory of the nature of science. Hitherto astronomy had been regarded as mathematical and non-objective, and terrestial science (the reigning Aristotelian qualitative physics) was viewed as non-mathematical and objective. Galileo's thesis was that all science, whether of celestial or terrestial phenomena, is both mathematical and objective. He was forever emphasizing that science is rigorous demonstration originating in non-hypothetical principles and terminating in true propositions which uncover the mathematical necessities intrinsic to the physical order.

Father Langford's notion of working hypothesis is, in fact, a middle ground between the fictionalism of "saving the appearances" and Galileo's objectivism. The latter, then, should not be blamed for failing to discern that middle ground, still less for failing to recognize it in Bellarmine. Galileo's theory of science may be wrong, but he cannot be faulted as stubborn because he held it.

In the penultimate chapter of his work Father Langford traces out post-Galilean attitudes to science. Since unrestrained scientific imperialism has given way to a more balanced view, he concludes that the time is ripe for a successful dialogue between science and philosophy and between science and theology. His historical survey is excellent, marred only by a fearsomely inaccurate account of Descartes. It is picayune to make the complaint here, but I do wish that *la monde anglo-saxone* would begin to reconsider its clichés on Descartes. Though not much of a physicist, he had a far sounder philosophy of science than he is given credit for. Scientific imperialism is a legacy of Galileo and many others, but not of Descartes.

The author's optimism about a rapprochement between science and philosophy and the possibility of a theology of science are unexceptionable. Unfortunately, he seldom progresses beyond exhortation. In the case of philosophy's dialogue with science he does little more than claim that the goal should be "a single, unified philosophy of nature." How such a unified discipline is to be achieved while respecting the autonomy of the various modes of knowing he does not say. Similarly, his enthusiasm for Teilhard de Chardin as the prophet of the new relationship between religion and science is not of much help, lacking as it does a reflection on the specifics of Teilhard's synthesis.

But since Father Langford's main concern is the Galileo affair, these criticisms are secondary. Of that tragic event he has provided us with an account of enduring value. No sentimental ecumenism prevents him from honestly judging Galileo's shortcomings. On the other hand he minces no words in pointing to that clearest of all lessons to be derived from the case: the disastrous consequences which follow when theologians pass judgment outside their discipline. As he puts it, "Catholics will always be in the unfortunate position of having to admit that a court of Catholic theologians condemned a doctrine and a man who, as it turned out, was right."

The Unwed Mother

EDIT. ROBERT W. ROBERTS

Harper & Row, $3.25

KARL STERN

The present volume is one in a new paperback series, "Readers in Social Problems," which promises to be a most useful collection. The book consists of an anthology of fifteen essays on the subject, loosely grouped along "cross-cultural," psychological, sociological, therapeutic (in the larger sense of practical aids available) and research lines.

The rate of illegitimacy is on a steady rise in the United States. (Between 1940 and 1957 it increased from 7.1 to 20.9 of every 1,000 unmarried females within the childbearing age of from 15 to 44 years.) In spite of the seriousness of the situation one cannot help feeling that other social problems of equal gravity (such as, for instance, drug addiction or juvenile delinquency), although historically more recent, present a clearer picture and seem to be better investigated.

There are several reasons for this. For one thing, in the case of illegitimacy the very source of "material" seems to influence the nature of the findings. There is a selective principle at work, according to which the psychiatrist presents a picture different from the social agency, and the sociologist a picture different from either of these.

Furthermore, in this case, a question of values enters. Bronislaw Malinowski, one of the fathers of social anthropology, found legitimacy an absolute and ubiquitous norm, more or less independent from all cultural settings—very much like the taboo against incest. On the other hand, a number of sociologists hold that the norm of legitimacy is relative, and breaks down under certain circumstances, e.g. in the "culture of poverty." During the time of slavery marriage was forbidden to the Negroes, promiscuity took the place of marriage, and a matriarchate of sorts was encouraged. Moreover, in minority groups of low economic standing and low social esteem, illegitimacy is less

For readers interested in exploring further the issues raised by Harvey Cox's book *The Secular City, The Secular City Debate,* edited by Daniel Callahan, brings together most of the significant reviews, the entire debate on the subject published in *Commonweal* and *Christianity and Crisis,* and includes some original articles written especially for the book. These latter include two essays by Jewish theologians. Published by Macmillan. Hardcover $5.95; paper 95¢.

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frowned upon than in the "average population," by members of the minority group themselves as well as by the outsiders who judge it.

Nevertheless, economic or racial suppression do not give an adequate explanation. One of the chapters in the present book presents a comparative study of three areas: the State of Utah, the State of Indiana, and the country of Denmark. In the first the Mormon Church is predominant and ideals of pre-marital chastity are highly cherished. In Denmark, on the other hand, religion is said to be largely a nominal matter, and sexual intercourse before marriage an accepted tradition. Indiana was chosen as a sample presenting a medium between these two extremes. The illegitimacy rate between one county in Utah, one county in Indiana, and Denmark is 1:3:7 (between Utah county and the city of Copenhagen it is 1:12). Such an observation overrides entirely those made on poverty and minorities without, of course, making them invalid.

What these few examples do show is the intricate complexity of the phenomenon and the impossibility of arriving at a unifying theory. The clinical studies in the book, based on "case material," are fascinating, but the results are just as complex as the sociological and anthropological ones. One investigation ("Personality Patterns in Unmarried Mothers" by Leontine R. Young), based on a study of one hundred girls, shows a preponderant pattern of a domineering and aggressive, at times overtly sadistic mother, a subdued father, and an all-round unhappy background of early childhood. These girls were found to have little capacity for human contact, and particularly no concern for the father of the child. The child was conceived as though in the blind urge to escape a sense of inner meaninglessness and chaos.

There is a marked note of self-punishment and masochism present in all these girls. This, and the unconscious devaluation of the putative father who is regarded as purely instrumental for conception without any possibility of deeper relationship, is a frequent phenomenon, particularly in girls with multiple illegitimate pregnancies. (This is also the experience of the present reviewer. The attitude of the girl toward the putative father is sometimes analogous to that of the Don Juan type of man toward the seduced woman.) Although the findings are clearer here than in the chapters on sociology and anthropology, the picture of the unwed mother does not come out, in the end, as a "clinical entity."

Thus we see that the phenomenon of illegitimacy, with all its social significance, cannot be presented under a common denominator. This puzzling multiplicity of factors makes an anthology like the present one even more significant. One thing becomes clear to the reader—namely that here, for once, is a social phenomenon which cannot be studied outside a context of those values which transcend the world of facts. Apart from "an attack on social inequities that cause the burden of illegitimacy to fall more heavily on certain disadvantaged social groups," the editor advocates increased birth control information and liberalized abortion laws. There appears to be a paradox inherent in these suggestions. The increase of illegitimacy is but one manifestation of the sense of inner chaos and anxiety of our time. Surely birth control and abortion in this situation would be purely symptomatic forms of treatment which in no way would affect the root of the malady.

The Newman Brothers

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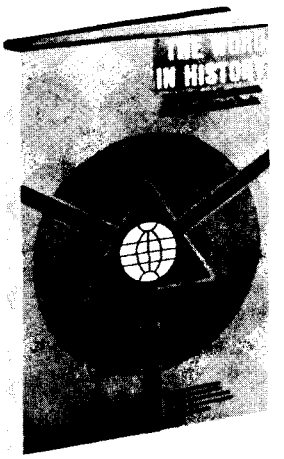

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odysseys of Victorian England with those of our own day.

In the introduction to his "essay in comparative biography," Robbins remarks that the divergent careers of John Henry and Francis Newman, "thoroughly explored, in terms of sources and of main movements of thought . . . would lead into a history of the age." While *The Newman Brothers* is not as thorough an exploration as it might be, it is rich enough in insights and assured enough in its grasp and use of facts to illuminate for us the Victorians' fascinating and crucial struggle to live with both their inherited Christian beliefs and institutions and their formidable discoveries about man's evolutionary past, his economic and utilitarian nature, and the literary history of his holy scriptures. Since religious commitment today often involves the necessity of reconciling traditional and contemporary values, or of assimilating the discoveries of scholars to the faith of our fathers, a response to Robbins' chronicle of these two eminent, devout Victorians which includes a heightened consciousness of analogies is a perfectly valid one.

But the dissimilarities of analogous pairs are more important than the similarities to the student of history. As one follows the journeys of John Henry Newman from Evangelicalism to Tractarianism to Rome, and of his younger brother from the same Evangelicalism to the ultra-evangelical Plymouth Brethren to Unitarianism to non-doctrinal, ethical theism, two such dissimilarities emerge. One is that Victorians were temperamentally devout or religious in ways that we are not, and remained so even if they abandoned formal Christianity; one could become an agnostic much more easily than one could become genuinely secular in his outlook. Today, devotion has been replaced by commitment, and many committed Christians feel it imperative to demonstrate their commitment by living wholly in, or at least commuting to, the secular city.

The second contrast is between the kinds of crises which undermined men's faith in a loving, transcendent, personal God then and now. Darwinism, the higher criticism of the Bible, the proclaiming of a mechanical universe and an equally mechanical economics and utilitarian psychology, all substituted one set of "laws" for another, the Christian creed and ethical system, and thus offered men the possibility of a change of allegiance, emotionally upsetting but rationally satisfying. Today the holocaust of the concentration camps, the monolith of the totalitarian state, and the threat of an atomic Armageddon offer only the terrifying alternative of man running amok through an uncaring universe. The response of the Victorian agnostic to his crises of faith was one of seriousness and high idealism; today's secular man is haunted by the specter of the Absurd, sweeping him and history into a garbage can.

The admirable first part of Robbins' study indicates the extent to which evangelicalism, with its emphasis on personal devotion, holiness, and sense of sudden conversion by grace from sin to Christ, was responsible for the "devoutness" of Victorian reformers, many of whom, as anti-dogmatic liberals, were the children of evangelical homes. The "dissolvent trends" within anti-structural evangelicalism, leading on the one hand to free thought and on the other to a search for an ultimate authority, are admirably illustrated by Francis and John Henry, respectively.

Robbins wishes to rescue the brilliant but eccentric Francis from neglect and opprobrium (the latter owing to attacks on John in print); he is impressed by the younger brother's intellectual honesty and involvement in the worthy social causes of the day, and less than enthusiastic about many of the older brother's character traits, intellectual positions, and religious assumptions. Ultimately, however, he cannot make Francis as interesting as John, since, as he candidly says, Francis' "direction and his conflicts . . . lack the drama of the Cardinal's for his own and later generations. To swim against the stream [as John did] is a more compelling spectacle than to swim with it. . . ." The "liberal" Newman's career remains in this book an off-key accompaniment, rather than a genuine counterpoint, to the nineteenth century's most famous religious quest.

A. O. J. Cockshut is the author of *The Unbelievers*, an excellent recent study of

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Victorian agnosticism. In the present volume, he brings together records that illustrate the controversies which rocked the sensibilities and consciences of thoughtful Victorians and drove many into latitudinarianism or agnosticism. Cockshut's introductory comments are helpful, but the texts themselves are heavy going (even if the attempts to reconcile evolution and Genesis have a familiar ring to a Catholic ear), and go a long way to prove the adage that today's burning controversy is tomorrow's scholarly research project.

The Late Bourgeois World

NADINE GORDIMER

Viking, $3.50

BRIGID ELSON

For well over half the human race today, in China, Russia, Eastern Europe, South Africa, and elsewhere, literature is politics. And because the politics is deadly, writing novels and even lyric poetry means putting your life on the line in a way which makes the situation of American writers look frivolous. Here we harass writers for not paying taxes (Edmund Wilson) or for titillating us (Ralph Ginzburg), while other men highly critical of society are subsidized by universities, the reading public, and even, in the case of Leroi Jones last year, by the government itself.

Not so in South Africa. There the government, never pleased by any of Nadine Gordimer's works, has now compounded personal troubles (her husband has been forced by political pressure to give up his job) by banning her latest book, *The Late Bourgeois World*. According to a recent report, this action caused the author some surprise. American readers will likely be surprised, too, when they examine this short novel.

For this is a work which, although it describes men and women involved in politics, is basically a rather slight artistic effort. It conforms to an avowed interest of Miss Gordimer, viz., presenting the truth about peoples' "private selves," as shaped by their exterior milieu. Because the milieu is South African, it transforms that personal and interior truth which in another setting would be as apolitical as a bottle of wine into what the government evidently considers a jagged edged weapon of violence.

Briefly, the novel concerns the life and thoughts of a liberal white woman in South Africa, on the day that she learns that her former husband, an ineffectual rebel against his society's racial policies, has drowned himself. Max, the suicide, has failed twice over, for not only did his

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REVIEWERS

THOMAS P. MC TIGHE teaches philosophy at Georgetown University in Washington.

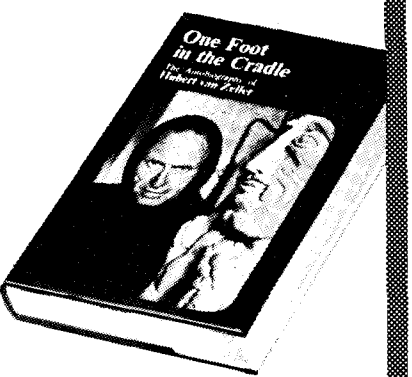
KARL STERN is the well-known author-psychiatrist. His most recent book is *The Flight from Woman* (Farrar, Straus).

ROBERT W. HANNING teaches English at Columbia University.

BRIGID ELSON is a free-lance writer making her first appearance in these pages.

One Foot in the Cradle

The Autobiography of Hubert van Zeller



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– EVELYN WAUGH

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anti-government bomb not go off, but after fifteen months in prison he turned state's evidence and betrayed his original cause, thus sacrificing, as his wife the narrator puts it, "even his self-respect."

His wife muses in a detached manner over his death and character as the day's events progress from breakfast with her white lover, a liberal lawyer, through meetings with Bobo, her son by Max, and with her grandmother who is confined to an old people's home, to drinks with the lawyer-lover and finally to a clandestine late dinner with an African deeply involved in anti-government activity. The day, and the book, ends as the woman lies waiting for sleep, debating the possibility of becoming involved in a love affair with the young African, and the necessity of replying to his plea for financial aid in the cause of freedom.

Miss Gordimer's style is smooth, and she contrives a fairly subtle narrative structure to move the reader through the book. At the same time there are patches of flat observations and metaphors throughout which check one's interest. This combination of cliché and subtlety comes to a head in the final pages where the author has the narrator indulge in some rather cloudy religious speculations all the while the many threads of character and plot are being pulled together into a very artful end. One thus puts down the book with a curious mix of interest and disappointment.

The political situation in South Africa must have much deteriorated for this book to have provoked a ban. Only men debased by ideology and fear, who have perverted personal attitudes into governmental goals, could see a short novel of character as a threat to society's structure. Of itself, *The Late Bourgeois World* is no manifesto, no *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (much less a Zhivago). But it is another contemporary proof that writing can be one of man's more hazardous occupations.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 125)

society) call a Negro with a Ph. D.? Nigger!"

Whites should not think of "Black Power" as anti-white; it is not. But it is an affirmation of dignity and honor and pride which has been missing from the Negro ghettoes.

The white liberal can help the "Black Power" movement by expressing support for it and informing apathetic whites of its importance to the salvation of the United States. CHARLES J. HAYES

Newsweek Article

Camden, N.J.

To the Editors: John Leo's column sometimes provides comic-opera relief from the solemnities that sanctify the pages of the venerable COMMONWEAL. Other times his literary spitballs are more annoying than amusing. It was in this latter spirit, no doubt, that he took up the defense of *Newsweek*'s Kenneth Woodward who had produced the prejudiced profile on Cardinal Spellman some months ago. In taking up the cudgels for his friend, Leo merely demonstrated that he too is capable of managing the news, particularly when it can serve his personal pique against the Cardinal. Out of fairness to Cardinal Spellman, at least, I must repeat the essence of what I wrote when I knocked Woodward for his biased article in *Newsweek*. (May 30, 1966).

For some strange reason Woodward preferred to quote Rabbi Brickner's graceless slap at Cardinal Spellman without bothering, *on the other hand*, to list the ecumenical activities the Cardinal personally undertook in behalf of the Jewish people. The most important one, back in 1944, was a radio-message to the Catholics of Hungary, denouncing the Hitlerite persecution of the Jews—an appeal which *helped save thousands of Jewish lives.* (That is a far cry from Leo's watered-down reference that the Cardinal's speech "had deplored anti-Semitism.")

Also, Leo reported that my column in the *Catholic Star Herald* had mentioned that "Cardinal Spellman had addressed the American Jewish Committee in 1964," but he conveniently suppressed mention of the significance which I had attached to that speech. I had pointed out that the talk *helped* save the Conciliar Declaration on the Jews, which at the time was having

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rough going. I could have cited other examples in favor of the Cardinal's ecumenical spirit but did not. I cited only those to illustrate the fact that bright young men can get so carried away by their bitter compulsive urge to smack someone they dislike.

(MSGR.) SALVATORE J. ADAMO

Reply

Let me try once again to get through to Msgr. Adamo: 1) two speeches in 25 years do not an ecumenical movement make, 2) there are no known Catholic-Jewish ecumenical activities initiated or sponsored by the New York Chancery or Cardinal Spellman, 3) Rabbi Brickner's comment to this effect was published by *Newsweek* because it was representative of the wide soundings taken among the New York Jewish community prior to publication and not, as Msgr. Adamo imagines, because somebody at *Newsweek* is scheming to do the Cardinal in, and 4) if Msgr. Adamo prefers to believe that the Brickner quote is not representative, he ought to be able to say so without calling Ken Woodward of *Newsweek* a Communist-type editor. Someone who sets himself up (in *America* magazine) as the A. J. Liebling of the Catholic press ought not to come unravelled so easily.

JOHN LEO

Elie Wiesel

Purchase N.Y.

To the Editors: I am most grateful to the Editors of COMMONWEAL for the place they have given to my article "Elie Wiesel—The Modern Job" in the October 14th issue. Since it is the lead article, I feel that it is important to identify its locus, for much of the material in it is taken from my forthcoming book *To Deny Our Nothingness: Contemporary Images of Man* to be published by Delacorte Press next February. I should also mention that my book *Martin Buber: The Life of Dialogue* was published by Harper Torchbooks (paperback) and that it is *Problematic Rebel: An Image of Modern Man*—the book from which I take my categories of "the Modern Promethean" and "the Modern Job"—that was published by Random House.

Given the nature of my article, it may also be of interest to your readers to know that while my appointment at Manhattanville College is as Professor of Philosophy, I also teach religion, Asian Studies, and literature. In response to inquiries, I would like to note that Elie Wiesel's *Night, Dawn,* and *The Accident,* were published by Hill & Wang; *The Town Beyond the Wall* by Atheneum; and *The Gates of the Forest* by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. MAURICE FRIEDMAN

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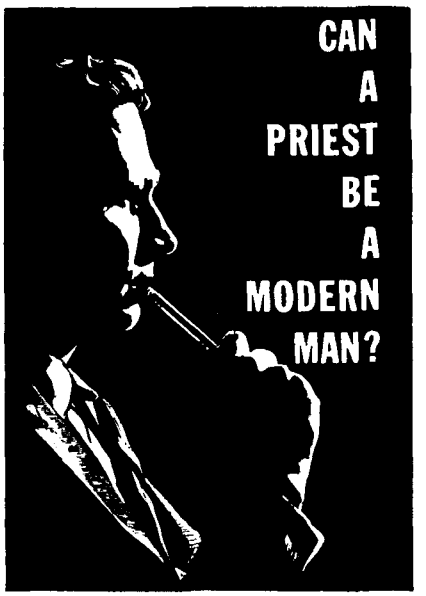

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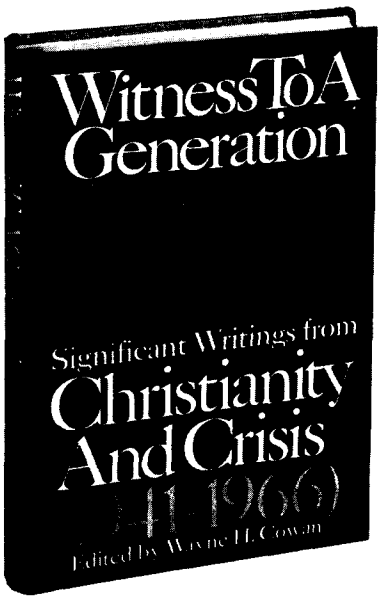

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